THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

Magazine Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser, Copyright, 1937, by the Hearst Corporation (The American Weekly) for the United States of America, the American Weekly, for All Nations Reserved. Under International Copyright Including Canada. Rights Reproduction in Whole or in Translation Is Expressly Forbidden.

Sunday, Feb. 21, 1937

Visions of an Artist – Maid of the Mist – Painted for This Page by Henry Clive

Recording A "Blessed Event" In The Barn Yard

A Thin Tapping Noise at the Large End of the Egg, and Chickie Is All Ready to Emerge Into the Great World.

The Tapping Becomes a Game of "Knock-Knock," and the Shell Cracks. "Fur" Becomes Visible.

After a Few Minutes the Shell Is Separated Nearly Into Two Halves, and What Some Day Will Be a Wing Bulges Out.

"Well, at last," Is What the Chick Seems to Say. "Where am I?" Chickie Starts to Breathe Heavily and Has Started Life.

HUNDREDS of pictures have been taken showing just how a chicken in form and energies from the egg, but none of those pictures has told the story of a torryard blessed event quite as plainly and dramatically as the photographs reproduced on this page. They were recently made by an English photographer—no went to a poultry farm outside London on the day that a "batch" was expected in one of the plant's large incubators.

On the advice of the man in charge of the establishment he centered his attention on a good-sized, white-shelled egg, snapped a picture of its smooth surface, and waited for something to happen. An hour after he had set up his camera he heard a small tapping sound at the larger end of the egg. A pin-hole appeared in the shell and then a tiny flake of the shell, about a quarter of an inch across, flicked off and fell to the tray on which this egg and several dozen others rested. Through the hole the camera caught something that looked like a bit of wet and bedraggled fur. This is the picture at the extreme left of the page.

The next photograph shows how far the process of birth had developed two minutes later. A bigger chunk of the shell had been pecked out by the creature, feeding on inside, and its activities had made a crack all around the big end of its ephemeral prison.

By the time the next "shot" was taken, it was apparent to the farmer and the cameraman that the little fellow was getting himself born, was going to successfully kick and peck his way into the world. Some chickens are unable to do this and some that do haven't energy enough to go on living after the exertion of getting out of the shell.

The chick has at least half the shell out of the way, but is still an elongated ball of damp fuzz, with neither head nor feet showing. The fur-like projection sticking out is a wing. The next picture looks like nothing so much as a sad-faced gnome stuck in a bathtub too small for him. It shows the chick with its head and one leg clear, and apparently wondering where all the light is coming from, because he's been in the dark ever since he started developing inside the shell. The farmer, looking over the newcomer, predicted that he would grow up into a fine healthy bird, either to lay eggs or be sacrificed on the chopping block to make some family a Sunday dinner. On farms where the chief business is supplying the egg market the pullets are saved and the most of the cockerels, when they get big enough, are killed off to save the time and expense of feeding them.

When the camera clicked the next time the youngster had managed to make its first awkward hop to get completely out of the shell, but it was too weak to stand on its slender legs and just squatted there trying to adjust itself to its new environment. After a minute or two it opened its beak and made a squeak hardly loud enough to be heard. It turned its head slowly from side to side but didn't seem to be aware of the farmer or the photographer. Its feathers, if the stuff on a newborn chicken can be called feathers, were still moist and matted, but they slowly dried until they looked as they do in the picture at the lower right. The transformation was remarkable and from a homely, sickly looking creature this ball of golden fluff came—peeping loudly now and ready to eat, tollo- the world that the miracle of birth had been enacted again.

Fifteen minutes after the last picture was taken the little fellow was using his legs like a veteran and huddling with a hundred other chicks to keep warm.

A Hop and a Skip and a Couple of "Cheep Cheeps," and the Curious Creature Is Free of the Shell. It Is Still All Wet and Too Weak to Stand on Its Legs, but the Job of Being Born Is Safely Over With.

And in a Short Time the Down Is Dry and Fluffy and as Yellow as Gold, and Baby Chick Is All Ready to Be Photographed for an Easter Card or Something.

When the Janitor Played Sultan

The Old Janitor at the Exposition Building at Olympia, London, Seems to Be Enjoying Himself Playing Sultan. But, Alas, All the Pretty Girls Are Mere Dummies, Assembled as Models to Show the New Coiffures at the Recent Hair and Beauty Fair.

HUNDREDS of news photographs were snapped at the recent Hair and Beauty Fair staged at London, but like one shown above was the one that found its way into newspapers and magazines not only in England but on the Continent as well.

The mustachioed fellow surrounded by so much female and Gallic beauty is a janitor in the hall where the show was held. He had, he said, seen a lot of exhibitions in the place, but this one topped them all. "Why," he told the reporters, "with all those pretty ladies about I got to feeling like a sultan—and I didn't mind a bit because they won't mind. I could talk to them and they wouldn't talk back."

The busts shown in the photograph are the latest things in mannikins for millinery shops and beauty parlors. Some of them are fashioned at wax, some of wood, and others of metal. They were turned out in factories of 26 different countries.

When the janitor gazed on the blonde, brunette and red-haired beauties with their long lashes and Cupid's-bow lips, and fringed navvy eyes about, he was as happy as a clam at high water. The blonde appealed to him more than the others, and in his choice he reflected the attitude of a great many Englishmen.

"In my time," he said with a Cockney accent, "I've carried a lot of stuff in and out of this place, when bats made scurry rockets of this old hall. But this beats anything I've ever seen. If a fellow has any imagination at all—and my wife says I've got too much of it—he can shake twenty years off his life and picture himself on the favor of as pretty a lot of girls as you could ask for. I remember the old days when dummies was dummies, but times have changed. Nowadays the figures they put in the store windows can almost walk at you."

The Hair and Beauty Fair wasn't all "dummies" either. At least twenty-five of the most beautiful live mannikins on the Continent attended the correlave and showed off some of the newest modes of dressing the hair. Most of those young women had at one time or another won beauty contests and have posed for famous artists and photographers.

Strangely enough, the janitor didn't pay much attention to them, and, on the other hand, they weren't especially drawn to him with his walrus mustache and his lack of sartorial elegance. He preferred the wax ladies to the flesh-and-blood ones and was sorry when he had to carry them out to the trucks that hauled them away to the docks and freight stations to be sent back where they came from.

Why the Lake Turned Red

ALONG with his other duties, Benito Mussolini recently had to listen to an alarmed delegation of citizens from Trenio, who begged him to look into the phenomenon that was happening to the unusually bright blue waters of Lake Tovel.

Day after day, they said, great patches of the lake would turn as red as blood.

The Italian dictator assured his subjects that he would get busy and try to solve the mystery, not personally, but through Vittoria Largaiolli, one of the country's most eminent naturalists. Dr. Largaiolli took a couple of experts with him and paddled about the lake for a week. He took samples of the water and put these samples under the microscope. The mystery, he found, is no mystery at all. At least, there is nothing supernatural about the "blood" floating in Lake Tovel.

In his laboratory examinations of the water, the scientist found many little one-celled creatures, so small that it is difficult to see them with the naked eye. He called them by their scientific name—protozoa—and explained to the people about the lake that these organisms are bright red in color. A dozen or a hundred of them swimming toward the surface do not change the color of the water, but when a billion of them get together the lake turns red.

British Collecting Samples of American Air

INSTRUMENTS suggesting devices in a comic cartoon will be used this year by Uncle Sam's Weather Bureau to collect samples of air from the stratosphere. The Royal College of Science has shipped several from England to be used aloft by weather observers at Omaha, Nebraska, where working balloons carrying standard meteorographic record atmospheric temperature, pressure, and humidity will be released once a day as part of the annual program of the International Meteorological Organization.

The English sampler consists of a glass jar from which the air has been exhausted and a series of glass tubes and wires with a flashlight battery, evaporator or an ammonia tube, attached to a bamboo frame between the meteorograph and the parachute just below the balloon.

Strips of bright-colored cloth tied to the frame and the notice of a reward are designed to insure the finding and return of the instrument.

With their load of North American stratospheric, the samplers will go back to the British meteorologists who are studying the composition—particularly the helium content—of air at great heights.

The air-collecting mechanism is set in motion when the balloon bursts—usually about twenty miles above the earth. This closes a switch and a battery current flows along wire and lets go a steel spring, breaking the thin-walled capillary tube that has sealed a larger tube leading to the glass flask from which the air has been removed.

Air from the stratosphere at once rushes in through this opening, down another thin-walled tube containing a plug of wax, with a tiny hole bored through it into the vacuum below. At the same time contact is established between the steel spring and a stop behind it. From this contact the current flows down to a metal heating coil wound round the tube containing the wax plug.

For many years weather experts have been sending small balloons into the upper atmosphere with recording instruments attached to them. They have learned a great deal about how cold the air is from ten to twenty miles above ground but they still know little about the make-up of the stratosphere, that wide and mysterious belt of light gas through which the air takes of the future probably will be laid.

Disillusioned! And So Young

ONE of the highlights of the annual carnival at Trowbridge, England, was a mock wedding in which the principals were a pair of little shavers much too young to be thinking about matrimony. The promoters of the celebration went to some expense so that they would get through the ceremony without a hitch—but their plans went amusingly awry.

In the first place, the "bride" and "bridegroom" didn't especially like each other. They got into a childish argument just before they were to march to the outdoor altar erected for the mock rites because the husband-to-be didn't like the idea of a girl hanging on to his arm with a lot of people looking on. When he finally did consent to what he called "being a sissy" his girl friend didn't want to hold on to the arm.

Both of them decided that, instead of being married, they wanted to get those funny dress-up clothes off and have some fun, like most of the other children at the carnival.

Frantic efforts on the part of the management at last smoothed out the major difficulties but just before she reached the bower where the make-believe parson stood the girl went temperamental again and broke out into loud wails of weeping. Being a sympathetic fellow the bridegroom followed suit, while the crowd howled its appreciation of this turn of events.

One middle-aged feminine onlooker made the remark that she felt the same way the day she was married, but didn't have the nerve to make a scene.

Several cameramen for the newspapers and the newsreels were all ready to "shoot" the wedding and were highly pleased when the principals broke down into tears. Quickly they snapped and ground away to catch the comic tableaux—but even when the wedding was over the little couple didn't see anything to laugh at.

Life Is So Cruel, and Marriage No Joke, That Seems to Be the Thoughts of These Two Youngsters, Who Didn't Enjoy Their Tom Thumb Wedding at All, When the Photographer Snapped Them During a Carnival at the Trowbridge Annual Celebration.

© 1937, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Married, Didn't Remember, Sues for $100,000, Gets 6 Cts.

A Picture, Something Like This, Was Being Formed in Too Many People's Minds. It Was Thought, and So for This Reason, and Perhaps Others, the Movement to Close Up Westchester's Gretna Greens Began with the Town of Harrison—Although Nobody Denies That Marriages have Been Refused in Both Places Because of the Condition of the Applicants.

Latest Wrecked "Milkman Marriage" of New York's Accommodating and Rival Marriage Mills Which Have Aroused the Angry Disapproval of the Courts

LILLIAN SCHMIDT was a rarely attractive young lady living in New Canaan, Conn. At nine o'clock one night she met Mr. George Hanson, who is a wealthy New York stock broker. This was in a night club, and all the night club trimmings, particularly the liquid ones, were there. Time led to Lillian and George talking about love, and when two persons who have just met each other talk about love in a night club, well, it means something.

In this case what it meant was that Lillian and George, at 3:45 o'clock, called up a justice of the peace in Harrison, New York, and told him they wanted to get married. He invited them to come right up and at 5:15 o'clock that morning, just as the milkman was going around, Lillian and George, who had arrived in Harrison as two, were now one.

At 7 o'clock they were back in George's flat all ready for a blissful honeymoon. The time schedule of that swift wooing seems to have been as follows:

9 P. M.—Lillian, while dining with a boy friend is introduced to George Hanson.

10 P. M.—The three of them go to George's Tudor City flat.

11 P. M.—Exit boy friend. George's dog joins Lillian and George. Talk about dog.

12 Midnight—Conversation about dog is exhausted; also dog. Lillian and George still talking.

1 A. M.—Talk getting around to love. Dog snores.

2 A. M.—Love now topic, but what's love without wedding?

3 A. M.—Sure enough, talk about wedding!

3 A. M.—Weddings fast in Greenwich, but when George phones there, he finds it takes three days.

3:45 A. M.—George tries Harrison, Justice of Peace says come right up if he wants action.

3:50 A. M.—Time out while Lillian calls girl friend for witness.

5:15 A. M.—Lillian and George who have arrived in Harrison as two are now one.

7 A. M.—Back in George's flat. Couple blissful. Ready to face life. Who's to walk dog?

Of course, there wasn't much time, night clubs being what they are and love in night clubs being what it is, for Lillian to look much into George's past. She got around to that later—and in her recent annulment suit she claimed he had not told her the truth when he said he had never been married. As a matter of fact, she testified, he had been married, divorced, and forbidden by the courts to remarry while his first wife was still alive. This, she said, humiliated her so much she thought she was entitled to $100,000. Hanson defended himself by saying he was so drunk at the time he was unable to understand any transaction in which he might be engaged. So the judge settled the matter by giving Lillian her freedom and six cents damages.

This was one of the cases which has just directed widespread attention to Westchester County's rival Gretna Greens in Harrison and Armonk. Just north of New York City, Westchester County is a select and wealthy community, and many of its highly respectable, fine old families have been considerably disturbed to learn that in their midst are what has been picturesquely described as "milkman marriage mills, where boozy Romeos and half-conscious Juliets can stagger into matrimony at any hour of the night."

But their indignation was mild compared to that of Supreme Court Justice Sydney Syme when Mrs. Sadie Moffit Christian asked him to rule her Harrison marriage from the record because, so she said, at the time the ceremony was performed she was in such a condition that she had completely forgotten she was already married and had three children.

"There is no doubt in my mind," the judge said, "that this Town Clerk (William A. Wilsing) and Justice of the Peace (Leo Mintzer), both of Harrison, have been running a marriage mill and have been performing what I prefer to term, 'marriages of convenience,' at all hours and in return for amounts not fixed.

"I dismiss this action in view of all the circumstances. I refuse to permit this court to participate in unraveling this miserable situation. This woman, the mother of three children by a previous and still valid marriage, and this man entered into a solemn marriage which however, was undoubtedly of a bigamous nature and a matter for the District Attorney's attention."

The Judge also directed the Grand Jury to investigate the marriage mills. So far the "heat" has only been turned on Harrison, a town of 10,000 inhabitants, but with a marriage rate of 3,000 ceremonies a year, an impossible marital turnover even with the best cooperation of the Western divorce mills, unless most of the brides and bridegrooms were imported. Wilsen and Mintzer appeared before Judge Syme and swore that they never married anyone who was "the worse for liquor," and certainly at least some of these nocturnal weddings were sober enough.

A customer of both the Harrison and the Armonk mills, who admits she was conscious both times, is the socially-prominent Charlotte (Chetty) Milburn-Pickering-Chesebrough, niece of the society polo star, Devereux Milburn.

"Chetty," the other day, was the victim of the recent blizzards which smote the West. She could not appear at her own divorce suit to get rid of her Armonk husband because her car was stuck in a snowdrift outside Carson City, Nevada, where the court was sitting to perform that service for her.

Charlotte's first attempt to get married in a hurry was not in New York but Cuba. On that occasion the prospective bridegroom stepped from an automobile into an open manhole and before he could be rescued, Charlotte's chaperon arrived and stopped the elopement.

The second time Charlotte started to get married she set out for Harrison in the early morning with the suave South American, Hugh Pickering, who is said to have adopted that name to cover up his real, blue-blooded Castilian name, Raoul de Andrade.

Bill Harrison seemed so far away and Charlotte got sleepy. So they turned back. A few nights later, however, they started out again and, making an earlier start, they went through with it. That was in 1933, and in 1936 Charlotte divorced Pickering in Chicago. Three months later Charlotte again set out for Harrison in the early morning, this time with Thomas Patton Chesebrough, Jr., a polo player. But when Mr. Wilder took over-long in getting up, Charlotte, out of spite perhaps, drove on to Armonk. There she found Town Clerk Crowley and Justice of the Peace Eaven, who is also a carpenter on the side, ready for business although they may have been a bit sleepy.

The mill at Armonk is holding its breath, hoping the storm will pass without anything worse happening than the new ordinance prohibiting marriages after 10 P. M. But the lightning has hit its rival at Harrison hard. The Town Council has forbidden ceremonies except between 9 A. M. and 5 P. M.

Worse than that, after studying the law, the Town Council ordered the salaries of the town clerk and the justice of the peace be held up until they turn over to the town treasury all the fees and tips they are alleged to have received above the bare legal fees for the last 14 months.

There are less accurate, dependable facts about Mr. Tennille's befuddled romance, though it happened only recently, than of many that have been buried in the past for many centuries. Frank Tennille, Broadway crooner and heir to an Alabama furniture fortune, dropped in for a few drinks in the Onyx Club, New York City, with his friend, Arthur Foster. The crooner stuck to rum because he wanted to be careful, for the excellent reason, his friends said, that he was about to marry his childhood friend, Jerry Kimball. Some say that he was hesitating between Jerry and Dixie Dunbar, Hollywood star. If so, with such an important decision to make, he had all the more reason for remaining in a sober, judicial frame of mind.

Nevertheless he waxed up two days later, attended by a doctor and magician who made him feel better until he saw pictures of himself in the paper kissing his bride. More careful examination of the pictures indicated that she was neither of the two girls that had been in his mind, but a stranger. Reading the account he learned that she was Alice Foy, hat-check girl at the club.

It seems that in an unconscious state, he married her and the next morning, apparently in that same alcoholic trance, he gave interviews and posed for pictures.

Alice, the misunderstood bride, declared that Frank had been sober enough and had made love to her so rationally that she had married him in good faith and reasonable sobriety. But the court granted the annulment. That and the record that they were married at Armonk are the only things on which future historians can rely.

Virginia Faulkner's story is longer and could be stretched to the length of one of her own novels, such as "The Barbarians." The first chapter in her real life story opens with a strange young man scrambling eggs for her in his apartment. The second to tenth chapters are flashbacks to the events of the preceding night. They were mostly a blur in her memory but Harrison was mixed up in it somewhere. The next chapter is where the handsome stranger introduces himself as Everett V. Weil, who is in the cotton converting business.

With his own capable hands he had scrambled those eggs for Virginia, his bride of a few hours. What, she didn't remember who he was? Why he was the man who had stopped cotton converting long enough to convert Virginia into Mrs. Everett V. Weil!

The next three chapters portray Virginia's mental struggle in trying to recall the resourceful young man and her ultimate triumph. Mr. Weil had been properly introduced to her at a "literary tea" six days previously. She had met him again at a second party on the night previous. The glamorous Tallulah Bankhead had joined them. Then everything went blotto, as Tallulah would say.

With the bright light of day came the climax in a deft Faulkner twist to the plot. Virginia Faulkner arose, put on her coat and departed. At the door, according to her testimony in the annulment trial, her husband gave her his card, telephone number and a cordial invitation to call him up some time. Instead, it was a process server who dropped in and she won another of those annulments.

As evidence that Mr. Wilsing and Justice of the Peace Mintzer are not only careful but downright particular they might point to the time they refused to marry Cyril Tolley, English golf professional and writer, to Ethel Smith Atwell, former Follies girl and ex-wife of Roy Atwell, stuttering comedian.

To the town clerk the bride appeared clothed, and in her right mind, as far down as her thighs. But below that he saw only legs and a small, white garment. Mr. Wilsing thought that perhaps the lady had absent-mindedly left her skirt in the car and hinted at much. But the bride explained that she wasn't wearing any skirt that night and those were shorts he was blushing at anyway.

At the risk of losing the business to his rival at Armonk, the town clerk put away his fatal fountain pen and firmly insisted on his rule that all bridegrooms must have trousers and all brides skirts or no license. It was "no skirtee, no tickee," but virtue was its own reward. Next day they came back, skirt and everything, and were married.

Mr. Tennille and Alice Foy, the Night Club Hat-check Girl, Whom He Really Did Marry at Harrison, but Told the Judge He Couldn't Remember Having Married.

Virginia Faulkner, the Well-known Novelist, Who Was Married at Harrison After a Gay Night and Woke Up Next Morning to Find Herself Being Served With Scrambled Eggs by Someone Who Was Almost a Total Stranger, but Proved to Be Her Husband.

Dixie Dunbar, One of the Two Girls Whom Everybody Thought Mr. Tennille Meant to Marry.

Fashionable Charlotte (Chotty) Milburn-Pickering-Chesebrough, Who Has the Record of Being Married Both in Harrison and Armonk.

© 1937, by Associated Newspapers, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

King David a Boy Dramatic Hit, but Played By a Girl

A Striking Scene in the Sir James Barrie Play, "The Boy David," Showing the Young Woman as David, of Biblical Fame, and Samuel.

The German Artist Osmar Schindler's Painting, Showing David About to Enter Combat With the Giant Goliath, Whom He Killed With a Stone From His Sling.

In the Soldiers' Camp, Another Scene From the Play Which Has Brought New Fame to Elisabeth Bergner in the Masculine Role. The Drama Is a Big Hit in London.

LONDON

MANY theatregoers have wondered for a long time why some author didn't see the dramatic possibilities of the Biblical story of King David and work that story into a play. Well, Sir James Barrie, the creator of Peter Pan, has done it, and done it well, but Londoners are still a little agog and surprised that the role of the poet shepherd boy who slew a giant, and rose to a powerful throne was given to a slight, spindly-legged girl instead of to some male who might come closer to the picture of David as set down in First Book of Samuel: "Now he was ruddy and withal of a beautiful countenance and goodly to look at. ..."

It is said that Sir James Barrie wrote the part with the celebrated German actress, Elisabeth Bergner, in mind and it is she who stars in the stage version of a story that every student of the Bible knows.

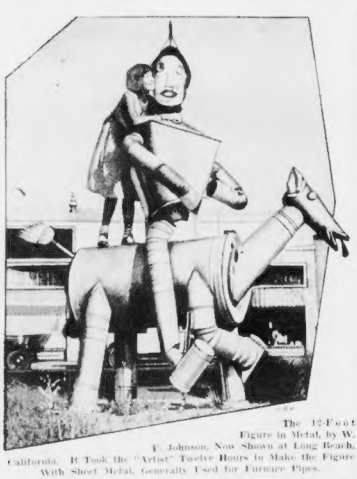
In the course of "The Boy David," this frail young woman is shown as the son of a sheep herder, boasting of his brothers that, despite his youth, he has killed a lion and bear and is destined for even more spectacular deeds. The prophet Samuel anoints the young David as one of the Lord's chosen and the hero of the piece goes on to sit beside King Saul, kill the giant Goliath—a scene which the audience has to imagine because the fight takes place offstage.

The critics praised the spectacle and the skill with which Barrie turned a Biblical text into a modern drama of the stage, but they were not all agreed that the part of David should have been given to Miss Bergner, or any other actress. They spoke of her "treble voice and awkward gait" and of her "wistful whimsicality." It seemed to them that David might well have been made considerably more masculine.

The Biblical story is strikingly staged, as the picture at the right of the page shows. The mountains in the background are, of course, creations of canvas and paint, but they seem to be solid and high in the rear of the military camp where Saul's troops are camped in the war with the Philistines. Special lighting effects add to the realism of the scene.

Many British playgoers are entirely satisfied with David as Barrie wrote it and as Miss Bergner plays the role, and praise for the actress's artistry is enthusiastic. But thousands of people who have seen the Biblical play would like to see the shepherd boy who became a king played by a modern counterpart of the "ruddy" young man who ranks as one of the greatest heroes of all time.

Last Word in Modern "Sculpture"—The Stovepipe Equestrian



The 12-Foot Figure in Metal, by W. F. Johnson, Now Shown at Long Beach, California. It Took the "Artist" Twelve Hours to Make the Figure With Sheet Metal, Generally Used for Furnace Pipes.

THE citizens of Long Beach, California, don't look upon William Johnson as one of the world's outstanding surrealist artists, but they do think that "Bill" can turn out as good work with soldering iron and a pair of tinsmith's shears as some of the ultra-modern artists who insist that their confusing and surprising "dream pictures" are art.

Inspired, perhaps, by the labors of modernist painters and sculptors, foreign and native, Mr. Johnson, a capable sheet-metal worker, decided that he might swell the number of his customers if he fashioned some sign which would attract attention to him and his shop. So he created—although he preferred the word "built"—the funny-looking man on horseback at the left. The young woman standing on the queer looking steed's back is the maker's daughter.

Sculptor Johnson gathered together a lot of odds and ends in his shop—cylinders of galvanized iron, lengths and elbows of furnace pipe, and things like that, and went determinedly to work with shears and soldering iron. In 12 hours time he had completed his "masterpiece" and was ready to move it outdoors, where it would be seen by passers-by, attract attention, and perhaps bring him some new customers.

The final touch to the "iron horse" is his tail—an ordinary worn-out broom which the artist stuck on as an afterthought. Some of the good people of Long Beach are of the opinion that this item alone proves that the sheet-metal worker is a creative genius, who has as much right to fame as some of the surrealists who so seriously display their work in the art galleries of New York and other American cities.

The amusing figure is about 12 feet high and stands just off a main highway where many hundreds of people see it every day, and it is so well put together that it does recommend Mr. Johnson and his artisans if anyone takes the trouble to see how skilfully the joints of the statue are put together. No surrealist has yet been moved to congratulate the California metal worker.

New Paris Autos Cuddle-Proof

IN THE French capital, of all places, the recent display of new automobile models showed several cars in which the front seats are so made that the driver cannot possibly indulge in flirtatious behavior with the person beside him.

The French are great hands at this sort of amorous activity, but the country's safety engineers and motor car makers know, as well as the next one, that many highway fatalities wouldn't happen if drivers stuck strictly to operating a machine on the public highways and did their love-making elsewhere.

The machines with the anti-cuddle seats have the steering wheel in the center and no room for passengers on either side of it. Another model has the front seat divided into two separate chair-like places with a high arm which keeps the driver from close contact with the person next to him.

During the past year or so the highways officials of the French Republic, like their colleagues in England and in this country, have been trying to reduce the number of accidents by curbing careless and reckless driving. They think the cuddle-proof seat will prevent thousands of crashes every year, without working any particular hardship on men and women who can't help feeling demonstratively romantic even when they are driving over the roads.

How popular the anti-spooning front seats will become remains to be seen, but if they appreciably affect the sale of the cars, the manufacturer has indicated that he will discontinue the innovation.

The back seats of these new cars are even wider and softer than the back seats of similar models a year ago, and the people who ride in the tonneaus are as free as ever to show their affection for each other while the machine is rolling over the road. It's only the driver who has to pay attention to business when the car is in motion.

Whiskers May Be a Man's Own Fault, but in Japan They're "Beautiful"

The Proud Possessors of Long Beards in Japan Recently Held a Convention, and 72-Year Old Naojiro Kato Turned Out to Be the Champ. He Is Shown in the Center of the Group, With His Comrades Reverently Holding the Ends of His Beard, Nearly Seven Feet Long.

IN the Land of the Cherry Blossom it is the custom for men beyond middle life to devote conscientious time and thought to raising mustaches and beards. A long and well-kept set of whiskers is as cherished among Japanese males as a good figure is among the matrons of the Western world.

Once a year a convention of bewhiskered men is held in Tokyo or in one of the country's other large cities and hundreds of delegates attend with their combs, brushes and lotions to put the facial adornment in perfect condition for public exhibition.

After the business details are out of the way, the officers elected and all that sort of routine the visiting whisker-wearers sit in groups on a raised platform while a committee of judges with measuring sticks moves from delegate to delegate taking dimensions, noting the thickness, volume, quality and condition of the beards and mustaches, and taking notes to help them award the prizes.

The grand prize this year went to one Mr. Naojiro Kato, the bespectacled gentleman in the center of the photograph below. He would have grabbed off top honors on length alone, because his one-yard-plus flowing chin foliage has two strands each about 78 inches long. But the judges also opined that the hair itself was as fine as silk and perfectly groomed. They made a long speech glorifying the patience and masculinity of a man who could grow such a creation on his face and give it the proper care for years.

The Japanese assume that the world's whisker championship is theirs.

Miss Antoinette Luckett, Recently Named "Queen of Cotton" in the South Mountain Region of Arizona.

THE NATTY bathing outfit gracing the person of the smiling young woman in the photograph above is not intended to be worn in the ocean. It's just another of those "don't-go-near-the-water" ensembles that press agents think up for beauty contests and other pageants of pulchritude.

In this case the costume is intended to glorify the cotton which grows in the South Mountain section of Arizona, and the young woman, Miss Antoinette Luckett by name, is the current queen of the farmers who grow cotton in that part of the country.

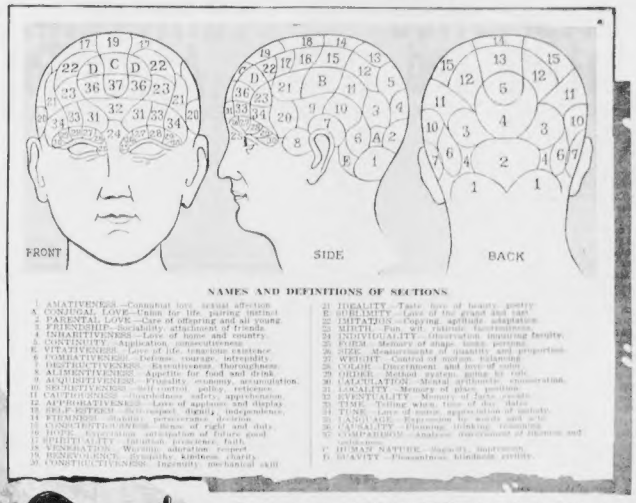
The abbreviated pantalettes, the narrow band about the queen's torso and the Russian looking cap all are are fashioned of fresh cotton picked right out of the pods in the fields over which Miss Luckett reigned for a day.

© 1937, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

What the "Bumps" on Your Head Don't Mean

Duke of Kent's Visit to a London Phrenologist Reveals That Supposedly Intelligent People Still Believe the Shape and Size of Your Head Does Affect the Quality of Your Brains

Photograph of the Duke of Kent and Mrs. Allen After Their Visit to the Phrenologist in London Which Caused So Much Comment.



NAMES AND DEFINITIONS OF SECTIONS

1 AMATIVENESS—Connubial love, sexual affection.
A CONJUGAL LOVE—Union for life, pairing instinct.
2 PARENTAL LOVE—Care of offspring and all young.
3 FRIENDSHIP—Sociability, attachment of friends.
4 INHABITIVENESS—Love of home and country.
5 CONTINUITY—Application, consecutiveness.
6 VITATIVENESS—Love of life, tenacious existence.
7 COMBATIVENESS—Defense, courage, intrepidity.
8 DESTRUCTIVENESS—Executiveness, thoroughness.
9 ALIMENTIVENESS—Appetite for food and drink.
10 ACQUISITIVENESS—Frugality, economy, accumulation.
11 SECRETIVENESS—Self-control, policy, reticence.
12 CAUTIOUSNESS—Watchfulness, safety, apprehension.
13 APPROBATIVENESS—Love of applause and display.
14 SELF-ESTEEM—Self-respect, dignity, independence.
15 FIRMNESS—Stability, perseverance, decision.
16 CONSCIENTIOUSNESS—Sense of right and duty.
17 HOPE—Expectation, anticipation of future good.
18 SPIRITUALITY—Intuition, prescience, faith.
19 VENERATION—Worship, adoration, respect.
20 BENEVOLENCE—Sympathy, kindness, charity.
21 CONSTRUCTIVENESS—Ingenuity, mechanical skill.
21 IDEALITY—Taste, love of beauty, poetry.
E SUBLIMITY—Love of the grand and vast.
22 IMITATION—Copying, aptitude, adaptation.
23 MIRTH—Fun, wit, ridicule, facetiousness.
24 INDIVIDUALITY—Observation, inquiring faculty.
25 FORM—Memory of shape, looks, persons.
26 SIZE—Measurement of quantity and proportion.
27 WEIGHT—Control of motion, balancing.
28 COLOR—Discernment and love of color.
29 ORDER—Method, system, sense of rule.
30 CALCULATION—Mental arithmetic, enumeration.
31 LOCALITY—Memory of place, position.
32 EVENTUALITY—Memory of facts, events.
33 TIME—Telling when, time of day, dates.
34 TUNE—Love of music, appreciation of melody.
35 LANGUAGE—Expression by words and signs.
36 CAUSALITY—Planning, thinking, reasoning.
37 COMPARISON—Analogy, discernment of likeness and similarity.
38 HUMAN NATURE—Sagacity, mind-reading.
39 SUAVITY—Pleasantness, friendship, civility.

Part of a Page From an Old Manual of Phrenology, Showing the Locations of the "Bumps" and What Each One Was Supposed to Represent.

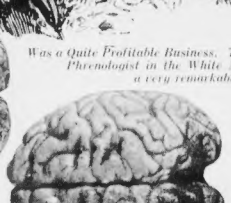
Quaint Old Drawing of About Sixty Years Ago When Phrenology Was a Quite Profitable Business. The Caption Reads: "The Traveling Phrenologist in the White Mountains—Yes, miss, you've a very remarkable head. Very!"

The Low Brow, Flat Head of Charles P. Steinmetz, Electrical Wizard and One of the World's Greatest Scientists.

Narrow and Moderately Low Forehead of Charles M. Schwab, Steel Magnate, Which Has Nothing to Do With the Highly-Organized Brain Within.

Probably No Other President of the United States Had So Intellectually Appearing a Head as President Harding, but It Is Not Likely That He Will Go Down in History as a Great Executive.

The Brain of a Highly Intelligent Human Being, Showing the Deeper Fissures and More Numerous Convolutions Which Determine Character and Intelligence.



Photograph of the Brain of a Gorilla, Showing the Convolutions and Fissures, the Size and Shape of Which Are Not Determined by Any Deviations in the Shape of the Skull.

It may seem incredible in this day and age that any intelligent person still believes in phrenology, that absurd system by which an individual's character, abilities, defects and personality are supposed to be read from bumps on the head and the size and shape of the skull. Science has long ago pronounced this nonsense, showing that an idiot can have the brow of a philosopher, while a great thinker can outwardly be the breed of "low-browed" in fact, that the bumps size and shape of the skull have nothing whatever to do with the quality of the gray matter inside it.

Yet when the Duke of Kent, the youngest brother of King George VI, and Mrs. William Allen, formerly Paula Gallibrand, and one of London's best-known mannequins, strolled into a "bump parlor" the other day to have a "reading," it was revealed that a number of people who are considered among the most intelligent in England—statesmen, bankers, distinguished writers and industrial leaders—have likewise been patronizing phrenologists in all seriousness.

In fact, "bumpology" seems to have taken a new lease on life in London, where it is now rivaling the popularity it once had when traveling phrenologists used to roam the countryside with impressive charts stuffed in their pockets, ready to give readings wherever they could attract a credulous crowd—particularly at vacation camps or seaside resorts.

In those good old times, when people seemed to be willing and eager to put their faith and their money into almost anything, the Duke of Kent's conservative, hard-headed great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, is said to have summoned the most noted professors of phrenology into her Royal presence. William Gladstone, one of her brilliant Prime Ministers, is also reported to have been one of their good customers. If that be so, it is not difficult to understand, for in Queen Victoria's day few scientists had given much attention to the theory, nor had enough been discovered about the brain to disprove it. But it does seem strange that in modern times phrenology could interest such men as David Lloyd George, Britain's war-time Prime Minister, whose cranium was recently listed among other prominent patrons of London "bump readers."

When "bumpology" was first introduced to a world that was in just the happy frame of mind to receive it, enthusiastic audiences were surrounded with a solemn atmosphere of "all-learned thought" that appeared to a while to be based on scientific research. As far back as 1800 Joseph Gall, distinguished physician and anatomist of Austria and Germany, announced that certain brain areas were devoted to certain functions such as speech, hearing, taste, sight and smell. This he had worked out from studying cases of head wounds and tumors of the brain. There was a certain amount of truth to this, though not as much as his followers made the world believe for some time.

But Gall went entirely astray when he tried to assign the abodes of such moral qualities as generosity, for which there has never been any scientific justification. However a great authority had spoken, and many a charlatan must have realized that here was a chance to make money if he could only pretend to look inside a customer's skull and tell him all about his intelligence and character.

The man who unwittingly put that chance in their hands was one of Gall's disciples, J. K. Spurzheim, who reasoned that bumps on the outside of the skull had been placed there by Nature as cells and bay windows to accommodate the extra large centres just below them. That was all the phrenologists needed. They mapped the entire brain, dividing it into little states and principalities labeled with such interesting words as veneration, amativeness, courage, combativeness, acquisitiveness, artistic ability, religious persecution, benevolence, ideals and culture.

The customers saw all these things plainly located on large and scientific-looking charts but were learned that it was useless to attempt any skull-fingering with their own unskilled hands because only the brain expert could work out the complicated results due to the fact that many of the important centers were under others. This was much the same as a trained geologist being the only person competent to judge from the scenery on top of the earth whether oil and gas lay below.

Even if the phrenologists had correctly located the abodes of all these mostly imaginary qualities, still the shape of the head would have meant nothing at all, as has been abundantly proved since. One of the early discoveries about the brain is that what little real thinking a person does goes on in the gray matter of the cerebral cortex, located behind the forehead. At once most of the world jumped to the conclusion that a lofty forehead advertised a lofty mind and that the bulging brow of the philosopher Socrates meant an extra big "think-tank."

To this day a high forehead is commonly regarded as a sign of a big brain, and a good one, and the word "high-brow" is in general use to describe a person of the intellectual classes. But Dr. Alex Hrdlicka, anthropologist of the United States National Museum, has shown that the highest foreheads in the world are to be found among the dull, ignorant and uncivilized Eskimos—who live in snow igloos, never change clothes or take a bath all Winter, and look upon rainbow, soap and axle grease as edible delicacies.

There is no guess work about Dr. Hrdlicka's findings. He spent forty years measuring and comparing foreheads in all parts of the world, and next to the Eskimos he found that full-blooded American Negroes and North American Indians had the highest foreheads. Next in his list were the Irish, followed by Americans whose ancestors had been in this country for at least three generations. But strangest of all, he found that members of the National Academy of Sciences, who might reasonably be assumed to represent the cream of American intellectual life, and Tennessee Mountaineers, who are generally regarded as one of the most illiterate and backward groups in this country, have foreheads that average exactly the same height.

The truth is that the skull is merely a protective box into which the soft brain accommodates itself. Socrates would have thought out just as many embarrassing questions behind a sloping forehead and it would not have made any difference if his scalp had run clear down to his eye-brows. His cortex would simply have pushed the other parts further back.

Heads come with long rear overhangs, like the stern of a racing yacht while other models rise straight up from the back of the neck. These short heads are by no means all square because many are as round as if turned out in a lathe and some are flat on top, like a tar roof, while others rise almost to a point. All these types and combinations of them together with bulges and dents are to be found among men of genius and among idiots.

Even size doesn't matter apparently because the world seems to have been headed by about as many six-and-five-eighths size craniums as by seven-and-a-quarter domes. It is quality, not quantity that counts and even that rule cannot be carried too far. One might imagine that a person with an extra large proportion of cerebral cortex gray matter could outthink one with a smaller stock. But recently it has been found that this sign also fails. A small quantity of gray matter, with a good circulation of blood throughout the entire brain and a good connecting system of nerve fibres co-ordinating everything seems to be the most valuable outfit.

The idea of brain localization was not unreasonable and for the next four or five decades many brain surgeons throughout the world were developing it. Even as late as the years just before the Great War, the distinguished British surgeon, Sir David Farrier, was knighted for work on the localization of speech and other faculties in definite brain regions.

Nowadays, still more modern developments of brain science have exploded the idea of localization almost completely, at least so far as concerns moral or intellectual qualities. It still is believed that certain areas have special brain centers where the sense impulses are received. The back of the brain, for example, is where messages from the optic nerves arrive. Other special areas are concerned with receiving sense messages from the ears. There also are more or less definitely localized brain regions which have charge of movements of the body. But no scientist now believes in any special part of the brain being devoted to impulses of self-assertion, cowardice, generosity or any of the other qualities of character with which the phrenologists pretend to deal.

Thousands of human brains have been collected, weighed and studied in laboratories of anatomy in various parts of the world. Idiots' brains are available after death at institutions but for years it has also been customary for distinguished medical men, scientists, writers and others to leave their superior brains to some one of these collections and the chief result has been to knock out false notions about their structural difference.

All of the billions of living brain cells are connected to each other by a vast network of tiny nerve filaments like electric wires. If this system of intercommunication in a brain is well constructed and operates efficiently, the quality of the brain probably is good, provided they are all well supplied with blood. Of course the phrenologist solemnly fumbling around the outside of the Duke of Kent's skull, or anybody else's skull, has no way of knowing about any of these things.

But, however simple their customers may be, phrenologists, like palmists, astrologers and all the other pseudo-scientists must possess pretty good brains to make their customers think they are getting something for their money. In this case the alert receptionist who greeted the couple instantly recognized the Duke from his pictures constantly in the papers. While the two were having their bumps and holiness appraised in the inner sanctum the news leaked to the papers, so that when the Duke and his friend stepped forth with their brain charts in hand, they ran into news cameras and reporters.

This promptly made Miss Evelyn Boole the best-known phrenologist in the world, and some people seem to have taken the Duke's visit as a Royal endorsement of phrenology.

What the Duke thought of the "reading" which he bought from the "expert" who fingered his bumps nobody knows but himself. What the world knows is the version of the elderly phrenologist who presided over the Royal bump test.

On the whole, Miss Boole was complimentary. The quality of his gray matter, she said, was quite up to standard but of a kind best suited for scholarly or artistic work. The Duke's temple seemed to her to indicate a lack of assertive and self-protective abilities.

Another of Miss Boole's deductions, reported by herself, was that the "language lump" supposed to exist on the skull just beyond and underneath the eyes is remarkably well developed. Her advice was that the Duke should interest himself in public work and public speaking, which is not surprising, since those are the principal activities of members of the Royal Family.

Since phrenology claims to be based on science and even the brain specialists make no pretense that they can tell anything by feeling the bumps on a patient's skull, the phrenologist might as well finger a potato. Nevertheless, a successful one sends his customer away with a lot of interesting "inside information," some of it true.

This is gathered by studying the customer's face, voice, manner, choice of words, clothes and bits of information he has let slip about himself.

© 1937, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Rural Phone Wires Plowed In Like Seed

ALTHOUGH many people have been curious as to why telephone wires in the country are not put underground like those in the city instead of being strung on heavy poles at the side of the road, the cost of putting wires underground was a very costly proposition.

Almost since the invention of the telephone Bell Telephone engineers have given a lot of thought to the problem, but until very recently it was necessary in rural communities to string the wires on poles. This also was an expensive process not only because of the construction cost but because of the annual toll taken by ice, wind, lightning and other weather hazards.

The reason for using the poles was because underground telephone wires formerly had to be sheathed carefully in conduits. This was practical in cities and towns where many wires could be buried in a single conduit but it was very expensive when a single subscriber on a farm wanted to have a line installed.

Now, however, the scientists and research workers of the Bell Telephone Laboratories have developed a telephone wire which has its own protective covering and which may be buried by itself with the aid of a special type of plow which is so efficient that it has aroused the envy of many farmers who have seen it at work.

According to D. A. Quarles of the Bell Telephone Laboratories of New York City, the new type of wire is laid from a reverse-fin bunny incline underground by the plow, which is operated by implements and machinery similar to that used by farmers planting seed with a seed drill. A fine straight plowshare contains a tube down which the telephone wire is fed to another hole opening backward at the bottom of the plowshare.

Through this the wire is stretched out underground as the plow is drawn along. The speed at which the plow is operated is controlled by the type of ground which it plows. Under favorable conditions it may be operated at a speed of three or four miles an hour.

Slow as this may seem when compared to the speed at which the average auto travels, it is a great deal faster than the painstaking work of digging holes for telephone poles and then inserting the poles with the aid of a maintenance crew and a truck.

The new type of wire which has neither pipe nor sheath is protected by a special rubber coating which research scientists of the laboratories have developed to be completely waterproof. Unlike ordinary telephone wire which

Wires for the Telephones Are "Planted" Underground Behind the Tractor as It Plows Up the Soil at a Speed Which Ordinarily Covers About Four Miles an Hour.

is strong in telephone poles, the underground type requires protection above ground, since the special rubber coating is easily susceptible to the sunlight.

When a new subscriber in a rural district desires a telephone, a maintenance crew will drive a plow out to his farm, the telephone wire being plowed under the shoulder of the road as the vehicle progresses. At the plow comes to a cross road or a right of way, the construction crew stops it. Then, instead of stringing the wire overhead, a pipe is inserted under the right of way through which the telephone wire is threaded. The plow then connects with this wire on the other side of the right of way and continues its planting.

Of the more than 17,000,000 telephone in use in the United today, approximately 2,125,000 of them are in use on farms. Most of the telephone poles which border the highways today carry wires leading to these farms. Many of them are in outlying communities and quite a few of them are several miles from the nearest neighbor. Yet any of these telephone subscribers by simply picking up the phone receiver and calling to the operator, may be connected with any other phone not only in the United States, but in nearly every civilized country in the world with the exception of China, Russia and New Zealand. According to the figures of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, a rural or city telephone subscriber thus may be connected with any one of 95% of the telephones of the civilized world.

While the development of the underground telephone wire is new that not more than fifty miles of it has thus far been put into service, there is plenty of plowing ahead for the telephone engineers. Only about one-third of the 6,230,648 farms in the United States thus far have telephones, and with the modernization and electrification of thousands of farms, many new telephone installations are expected to be made in the future. This is especially true of isolated farms in outlying areas which in the past lacked telephone service because of the high initial cost of stringing wires. With no pole service and the telephone wires buried, this cost will be decreased.

It is also expected that planting the telephone wires in rural communities and outlying sections will simplify the work of one of America's unsung heroes—the telephone maintenance man or "lineman." In every major and minor disaster he has been among the first on the job, repairing breaks in overhead telephone lines so that calls for first aid and supplies could be put through without delay. During the Spring floods this year he was kept especially busy in repairing broken lines and replacing fallen poles.

As telephone wires are buried, much of this heroic work in the future will be made unnecessary. There is a possibility, however, that the maintenance man will have to acquire a knowledge of trapping. Mr. Quarles admits that rats which nest telephone wire in planted will experience new and how much new trouble gophers or other burrowing animals may cause by their tunneling.

Tortured Self To Death Seeking "Supreme Agony" For Science

IT IS the usual custom of a human being to pursue happiness, to find pleasant sensations and physical comfort. The thought of discomfort or pain is abhorrent to the general run of people, but to scientists, especially those prompted by a thirst for more and more knowledge, pain or even death has no terror. Hundreds of physicians have given their lives in experiments, or by exposure to disease, and many others have suffered agonizing pain to prove or disprove a theory.

Recently, Dr. Hans Lorenz, a distinguished surgeon, and professor at the University of Vienna, gave his life to satisfy a strange curiosity about how much pain a human being could really endure—in other words to attain what he termed "the supreme agony."

There are some people in Austria who doubt this, but others who knew the professor well, and the evidence of a series of notes which he administered to himself bear out the story of his astonishing self-martyrdom for science—a story which reveals incredible notions and ordeals which Dr. Lorenz evolved and executed in his quest to achieve a greater degree of pain than had been known previously to mankind.

His hands and feet found by surgical bandages, and a noose around his neck. Dr. Lorenz was found dead in his office in Vienna. He left no farewell letters to his wife or daughter, only a few sciefic notes which hint at one of the most unusual experiments in modern science.

Dr. Lorenz was fascinated by the study of pain. He had spent his entire career as a physician trying to ease pain caused by disease but still he was not satisfied. He felt that the conclusions he made should be proved not on his patients, but on himself.

Dr. Lorenz Had Placed a Noose Around His Neck, Had Somehow Bound His Feet With Surgical Tape, and Then Toppled From the Chair. They Found Him Dead.

With the knowledge of science and medicine at his fingertips he invented new ways of creating pain without having the accompanying disease. He knew, for instance, the tortures of a person with a broken spine. He knew the agonies of appendicitis and the torment of having a leg or an arm cut off.

In order to arrive at a better understanding of the pain which such afflictions caused, Dr. Lorenz built intricate machinery, consisting of crushed nails studded with barbs, steel-lined jackets which gave almost unendurable pressure to the spine and tourniquets which would stop the circulation of the blood and make a limb seem dead.

By injecting serum into his limbs he knew how it felt for a person with heart disease to be short of breath. He prepared medicines which would give the "feeling" of cancer, brain fever or pneumonia without actually causing the disease. The purpose of Dr. Lorenz's experiments was to find just how much suffering the human body could bear.

Whether he got his inspiration from watching his patients writhing in the tortures of a disease will never be known, for Dr. Lorenz was killed during one of his unusual experiments.

When his bound body was found hanging from a chandelier in his office the police reported a suicide, although no apparent reason could be given. Dr. Lorenz had already made a reputation as a skilled surgeon, although he was only 50 years old at the time of his death. The fortune he had acquired as a world-famous physician had enabled him to furnish his luxurious home in Vienna's wealthiest quarter with valuable antiques and priceless art treasures.

Although Dr. Lorenz had lost a large sum of money during the depression this fact could not be given as the cause of what was reported to be his suicide and it was not until an widow filed a claim against two insurance companies that the strange experiments came to light, together with the tragic result.

Had the doctor's death been declared a suicide by the court, his widow would have had no claim to the insurance policies he left unless three years had elapsed after the signing of the policy. This condition had not been fulfilled. If his death was an accident then his widow would be entitled to the money regardless of how much time had elapsed since the policies were taken out.

In her claim Frau Lorenz states that her husband left behind him a pile of debts. Although he was supposed to be wealthy he had lost heavily during the depression and his experiments had taken him away from his lucrative medical practice. His art treasures had been auctioned off but the sum they had brought was not enough to pay his debts. She claims the insurance money, amounting to $120,000, on the ground that her husband's death was an accident.

His experiments, she says, have been carried on for the past fifteen years. They led him to the most disreputable dives in Vienna in order that he could discover to just what extent the human flesh could endure pain and torture. At first his subjects were poverty-stricken men and women who, for a crust of bread, would be willing to undergo the most savage tortures imaginable. Dr. Lorenz's aim was to scientifically record the changes in blood pressure, body heat and muscular endurance during such a punishment. His subjects would be whipped, tortured by a thumbscrew or made to walk a treadmill until just before their strength would give out. Then they would be revived and paid, their job done.

Whatever his results may have been, Dr. Lorenz was still not satisfied. A few years ago he determined to try his tortures on himself. He wanted to know how many lashes of the whip a man condemned to the whipping-post could endure, or how far a man could walk without food or drink. He wanted to know how a broken spine would feel or what it would be like to go for a week without arms or legs. By cutting off the circulation of blood in his extremities, Dr. Lorenz knew the pain of an amputation. By wearing a tight steel and leather jacket with sharp tooth-like points pressing against the spine, Dr. Lorenz could feel the pain of a broken back.

One day, a few weeks ago, he shut himself up in his office and instructed that he was not to be disturbed. He tied a rope to a chandelier made of heavy bands of wrought iron. Whatever his purpose may have been is not known. Perhaps he wanted to imitate the torture, widespread in the Middle Ages, of tying a prisoner's arms together and then hoisting him up so that the tips of his toes touched the floor.

At any rate, Dr. Lorenz bound his hands and feet with surgical tape and, in the opinion of medical experts who later examined his body, lost his balance on a chair as he tried to reach the noose he had fashioned out of the rope. In falling, the noose slipped around his neck and he was strangled.

While the court has not yet passed upon Frau Lorenz's claim, the medical experts are agreed that Dr. Lorenz's death was an accident.

Why The Factory Help Preferred Windowless Buildings

THE girls who work for a big chocolate company in Pennsylvania were sure, at first, that they were not going to like their "prison," as they called their new windowless office building. To begin with, they couldn't see what was going on outside. Almost anything might happen within a few hundred feet and no one would be the wiser. Besides they had all been used to looking out of windows and seeing nice, green hills in the distance. The bare walls of the new office certainly made the place seem like a jail or, even worse, a tomb. No, they were sure they wouldn't like it.

After they had worked in the building for a few months they began to change their minds and say they rather liked it. Now everyone, from executive to office boy, agrees that they wouldn't change back to the old style of buildings with windows in them.

Their health is much better because the air is always fresh and the temperatures are kept the same by an air-conditioning system. No one has to worry about cold air draughts or the shifting heat or lack of hot sunlight in the Summer. The office force has less colds because the air is purified of germs and washed thoroughly before it is circulated.

No one has to bother about pulling down window shades or turning on glaring overhead lights, for the lighting arrangements are always the same. Those on the staff who have to do close eye work appreciate the scientific system of artificial lighting which is much easier on the eyes than uncertain, shifting daylight. In fact the system installed at the plant engineers declare, is even better than ordinary daylight because it is partly concealed, preventing a glare and gives just the almost shadowless light.

When the girls got used to not having windows to gaze out of, they found they could do more work in shorter time. They did miss one practical use of windows, however: they couldn't tell what the weather was doing. It seemed reasonable that they should know, so the company put in a "weather signal system" which, by flashing sets of colored lights, would show whether or not the employes should start home with umbrellas and rubbers.

It is easier, most of them agree, to keep their minds on their work in the windowless building because the street noises are kept out. Although the factory building is only a few hundred feet from a main highway the office workers are never bothered by the sound of automobile gears, brakes and horns.

Steps are saved in the building because the offices and desks are placed without having to consider window space or wall areas. The more important the office, the more centrally it is located, making it easier to reach for those who may have to travel from one room to another on various business errands.

There is an important saving in the construction costs of such a building, according to A. Bowman Snavely, chief engineer of the company in a recent article in "Light" magazine. The heating bills are less due to the greater protection against the cold. There are no windows to be washed and the inside cleaning bills are slight because very little dust ever gets in on the purified air.

The air-conditioning system doesn't cost so much in relation to its health benefits and it does away with electric cooling fans in the Summer and additional heating apparatus in the Winter. But what everyone likes most is that they all feel much better. They have fewer days of illness and they feel best tired at night because their working conditions are well-adjusted to their health needs.

Bride, Mistaken For Burglar, Killed By Husband

WHEN pretty Eleanor Carney of Brighton, a district of Boston, Mass., went to the altar last year with Matthew J. Flaherty, Brighton automobile mechanic and newly-appointed Summer policeman, she upheld the old tradition that a bride is the coolest person at her own wedding.

Now, the 27-year-old bride is dead—victim of her own nervousness less than two months following the marriage, a bride shot to death by her policeman-husband because she was so fearful of burglars.

In the Boston police records there are few instances where tragedy grew from such a useless cause, of where a woman's nerves so played upon the nerves of her husband that she came to her own death—a victim of her own fancies.

Honeymoon days were hardly over when Mr. and Mrs. Flaherty settled down to live on the first floor of the two family house at 12 Newcastle Road, Brighton.

Returning home from his night tour as a special policeman for the Metropolitan District Commission, the Massachusetts State Police division in charge of patrolling State-owned parkways and bridges, Matt Flaherty was told by his bride that she had heard a prowler about the house.

Flaherty dutifully went all through the apartment and, at her insistence included the cellar. There was no sight, sound or indication of a prowler.

The policeman wondered a bit when he came home the second night and received the same request, but he carried it out and again made a search.

But on the third night it became somewhat irksome which once more the wife said she wished the apartment and cellar searched for prowlers. As a newlywed, however, he was glad to comply with her nervous request.

It became almost a rite at the Flaherty home—the young policeman's arrival from a tour of duty, her recital of nervousness, his searching which was always unproductive, the nightly lunch and their retiring—with Flaherty's revolver in its holster on the floor beside his bed.

Shortly after 3:15 a. m. some weeks ago Cruiser Policeman Leo Curran and James Powers of the Boston police, out in a radio car, received a call to go to 12 Newcastle Road and check there on "some trouble."

Racing to the address, Curran and Powers found the frantic Flaherty, wearing only a shirt and his powder-blue uniform trousers, on the front veranda of his home and with his revolver in his hand.

Officer Curran relieved the Summer policeman of the gun and then he and Powers had poured into their ears an

A Noise Startled Flaherty. He Sat Up in Bed. As the Door Swung Open He Seized His Gun and Fired, Unaware That He Was Inflicting Mortal Wounds Upon His Bride.

incoherent story of how Flaherty had shot his wife for a burglar and that he was afraid she was dead.

The Boston policemen, after first calling more help from their station, rushed the injured woman to the hospital, where she died three hours later from a bullet in her head.

Flaherty, weeping and almost in collapse, was taken to Brighton station. Brother officers, relatives—even the wife's relatives, friends and the arresting officers themselves came through with overwhelming evidence that here was one of the strangest circumstances ever encountered in Boston police experience.

"I came home from work this morning at about 1.15," said Flaherty in his story to Brighton police. "I got through at one o'clock and went directly home.

"My wife was home in the kitchen. She was getting something to eat ready for me. She had been to her mother's home.

"We both sat down and had lunch and then we both went to bed. There we talked for a little while and I fell asleep. Sometime right around three o'clock, but not later than quarter past, I was awakened by a noise. It was a sound like the squeaking of a floor.

"I didn't think that my wife was out of bed. I thought she was beside me. She always had the thought that someone was breaking in. Up until a few weeks ago the upstairs apartment had been occupied and she had become more nervous since it was vacated.

"She was so nervous all the time that she even got so she was making me nervous, too.

"When I heard the noise, I sat right up in bed. I saw the door push open. I called, 'Who's there?' Speak up!' and I also said, I think, 'Open the door.' Nobody answered, and I didn't wait to see who was there. I reached down on the floor for my gun and started to fire.

"I didn't put on the light until after I shot. Then I found I had shot my own wife.

"I realized then that there was nothing I could do and that I needed help. I grabbed my whistle and ran out into the street and blew it. I knew someone would hear it and get me the police.

"I wish I had killed myself. I wish I was dead. We never had a cross word."

William Carney, brother of the dead woman, told police he had driven his sister home on the fatal night, after she had visited with her mother, father and the rest of the family a short distance away in Brighton.

Arriving there, the sister had insisted that William search the house and the cellar, William said, she had appeared to be highly nervous until assured that there was no stranger in hiding and waiting to spring out in an attack upon her.

In the white, satin gown in which she had been married less than nine weeks before, Eleanor Flaherty, victim of her own fear, was buried in Hollywood Cemetery.

Russia's "Pied Piper's" Last Experiment in Animal Hypnotism

Durov, Possessor of Weird Powers Over Beasts and Birds, Tries Them Once Too Often on His Old Bear "Mishka" and Dies With His Rat Brigade Kissing Him Farewell

MOSCOW, FEB. 12.

FEW men have ever known as much about the psychology of wild animals as did Vladimir Durov, the famous Russian zoologist, who died here the other day at the age of eighty. Yet, when he most needed it, Durov's knowledge of animal psychology seemed to fail him, and ironically enough, his determination to learn more about the subject that still fascinated him, even though he was feeble from old age, was what brought on his death. It came from an injury he suffered while trying to hypnotize Mishka, a great Siberian bear.

"To hypnotize an animal," Durov once explained, "the trainer must make it feel that his will is an unchangeable law that must be obeyed. If it does not surrender its own will at the start, the whole thing will be a failure. But few humans can read the minds of animals as well as they can read the minds of a man. They become aware of his emotional tendencies in a few seconds. When his mood changes, even if he does not give the slightest outward sign, they know it at once and react to it."

Since he knew all of this and knew it so well, why did he fail when he tried to put the crowning touch to his life work by hypnotizing Mishka, more completely than any wild animal had ever been hypnotized before? In the freshness of his years, did the old man's mind wander for a fraction of a second from the task at hand, and in that split second did the bear sense that change of mood, and seize it as an opportunity to escape from the mental dominance that had been imposed upon him so long?

No one knows but that seems to be what happened. Up to a point, Durov appeared to be getting results that were eminently satisfactory.

The bear's eyes were drooping, and he seemed to be getting drowsy. Then, all at once, as if someone had fired a pistol, he gave a start. His eyes opened wide, and he became alert. That was the one time in Durov's career when he himself should have been most alert. The crisis called for quick action, as the prizefighters say, a "change in pace." But Durov merely stood there with a strange expression in his tired old eyes.

And, before anybody else had a chance to shout a warning or do anything, the bear raised one paw in what appeared to be a gesture of irritation or disapproval and then, with fatal swiftness, he knocked the master down.

The injury did not seem to be serious — only a slight concussion of the brain. But as often happens when an old person suffers such a shock, pneumonia set in, and as he lay dying, a strange thing happened.

Each morning, at the same hour, it was the custom for his company of merry rats to aromper from their cages, organize themselves into squads of ten, march across his bed, and awaken him with kisses. But this morning, the cage had been rolled out, where the hour for the ceremony arrived the rats started complaining. Durov heard them, and in a feeble voice he commanded:

"Let my little people out."

So the rats ran across his bed for the last time—not to awaken him, but to kiss him farewell.

Durov started out as a clown, building up his early reputation by training various odd animals to take part in his circus act — but that was not enough for him. He was more than a clown. With the true instinct of a scientist, he set out to explore his chosen field, and by patient experiment he tested each little discovery until he finally won recognition as an authority on animal psychology. During his later years, he was perhaps the best-loved and most respected naturalist in all Russia, where the people came to think of him as a kindly old wizard, and had much the same admiration for him that the American people had for Thomas Edison.

He had just reached the height of his fame when the Revolution swept through Russia, and for a while, the Communists regarded him with suspicion. So under the fallen Czarist regime, he had been a great favorite.

But his popularity was as great with the "masses" as it had been with the former masters of Russia. So the Communists watched him for a while, and finally decided he was a genuine scientist whose discoveries about animal psychology might be considered a worthwhile contribution to the prestige of their Soviet State.

Instead of throwing him into prison, of course, they endowed him. They gave him a zoological garden of his own, and supplied him with all the animals he needed for his experiments. Although he was not in sympathy with all of their political and economic principles, and did not hesitate to say so, they let him do whatever he wanted to — except one thing.

That was when he decided to set up a model cooperative farm, with animals trained to do as much of the work as was practical.

One day while watching his animals busy in the courtyard he was struck by this idea and said:

"I like to experiment how the communistic principle works with animals and what kind of doctrine is to be applied to such a venture! I wonder whether the Marxian principle works with the beast-proletariat."

Durov's first animal farmers consisted of two trained foxes, Vihr and Belok, two badgers, Surka and Barka, Mishka, the Siberian bear, Katishka, the porcupine, Saiba, the rabbit, Mare and Tetka, the dogs Pushka, the cat Hrushka, the pig, and Mila and Vanka, the goats. A rooster with five chickens and two horses were to be added later.

"I will see how a communistically worked animal farm will work out along the principles of our government," said Durov to his friends. "During the summer they would all work and live on the farm, while during the Winter season we would go out as a traveling show company, in order to earn something more than the farm would yield, and naturally have something to pay the taxes with."

Before taking his farm hands out Durov began to train each animal to its specified professional work. Mishka, the bear, had to do all the heavy work of chopping the wood, cleaning the fields, pulling the lifts and what not. Tetka and Mare, the dogs, were to act as regular janitors, carry food and packages, keep guard, etc. Belok and Vihr, the foxes, were to work in the garden, weed the vegetable beds, etc. Saiba, the rabbit, was to work as a kitchen maid. Fani, the raccoon, was to do the washing. A monkey was to be trained as a cook and housekeeper. Durov estimated that it would take him a couple of years to get his animal farm hands trained. In the meanwhile he acquired a farm on the Volga, which he began to equip for his venture.

However, the communistic farm was never realized. The rumors spread that the government simply did not permit such a satirical venture.

One of the most amusing shows in Moscow was Durov's miniature train being operated by Dmitri, the monkey engineer; Sergei, the monkey fireman, and Ivan, the turkey gobbler conductor. Another favorite was Vanka, the sea lion.

Vanka would pull Durov along the street in a cart like a horse, play in his garden and do various kinds of house work like an uncanny bellboy. Vanka became a musician in Durov's animal orchestra, acting as a balalaika artist of a one-string instrument.

"Artists, musicians, come on!" Durov would command. Vanka would take his balalaika, Mars, the dog, would take the automobile horn, the ox would arrive to play the bellows, etc. A special platform with a music stand awaited the players. "Now, concert-master, come on!" would be the next order. The donkey appeared on the call and brayed, as a signal for the opening of the concert. With his nose, the donkey would turn the pages of the music with his feet he would press the plank that made the metallic plates sound. A pelican played the zither, a monkey danced. Vanka would sometimes act as if he were conducting, then again he would laugh and applaud.

Durov's success in training animals was uncanny. He taught his rats to sail through the air in a basket attached to a balloon, and trained a crew of them to operate a small ship that had a steering wheel, engine, and whistle.

But as the master grew older, he became less interested in merely training animals to do remarkable tricks, and more and more absorbed in his original experiments with hypnotism. Other scientists had been attempting similar experiments, and most of them had come to the conclusion that the only wild animals that would respond to the same methods used on humans were the members of the ape family.

Durov did not agree with this theory. He believed that many of the lower animals have exceptional intelligence, and that he could hypnotize any of these, not by frightening them into a trance, but by using mental suggestion.

The basis of his method was kindness and firmness, as he explained it, he imposed his authority over animals by the strength of his will and controlling their emotional reflexes in this manner, he "inspired" them to do whatever he wanted them to.

This, he believed, was true animal hypnotism, and on a number of occasions he is said to have given startling demonstrations to prove his point. According to one story, he was once in Poltava, a province in southern Russia, when an order was given to kill all stray dogs. This distressed Durov, and he promptly called upon the Governor, and after bringing the conversation around to animal hypnotism, he suggested a demonstration. A map was spread on the floor, and Durov asked the Governor to pick out several places. Then one of Durov's dogs was brought in, and apparently put into a hypnotic state. For several minutes, the master held the dog's attention with a fixed stare. When the dog began to get nervous, as if trying to throw off Durov's mental control, a single command was spoken: "Go to the map!" The dog leaped to the map, and one by one, placed his paw on the places the Governor had mentioned. Then it dashed into another room and returned with a petition, begging the Governor to spare the lives of the homeless dogs in the province. Amused, but also impressed, the Governor granted the request.

In itself, the occasion when Durov and Mishka first became acquainted came close to being a tragedy. The naturalist was traveling down the Volga on a boat, and to amuse the other passengers he brought some of his pets out on deck. One of these was a raccoon, which had been trained to stand over a washtub and go through the motions of scrubbing dirty clothes. Mishka, who at that time belonged to somebody else, and had only been captured a short while before, was in a nearby cage on his way to a zoo, for he seemed to be far too savage to be trained into a performing bear.

But the peasants lounging on decks were too interested in the raccoon's cunning antics to notice Mishka, who was straining at the bars. All at once there was a splintering crack, and with a roar, the bear leaped from his cage and pounced on the raccoon, sinking his teeth into its neck.

The terrified passengers scattered in every direction, not sure where the bear might attack next. For a few moments the whole deck was in confusion then sailors ran forward with sticks and started beating Mishka, but Durov pushed them aside.

"No, no," he cried, "that's not the way! He must be outwitted."

With that, he leaped on Mishka's back, and reaching around on either side, thrust fingers between the bear's lips, straining back until the mouth was stretched to an uncomfortable width. Disconcerted by this treatment, the bear released the raccoon, and before he had time to recover from his surprise, a muzzle with an attached chain was buckled over his mouth.

Then, to impress on him that with power and human intelligence are superior to brute strength, Durov stood in front of him for some time, staring into his eyes. After a bit, the bear started to turn away, but Durov stopped him with a gesture, and then stroked his back until the sullen mood had vanished.

The astonished owner was willing enough to sell his bear to such a man as this, and it wasn't long before Mishka became one of Durov's prized companions he never regarded his animals as possessions, but always insisted they were his companions and friends. Of all the animals he trained, Mishka was perhaps the one he liked the best, and it was Mishka who caused his death.

Durov and His Constant Companion, Vanka, the Sea Lion, Whom He Resembled Somewhat.

Fani, the Clothes-washing Raccoon, Who Was to Play an Important Part in Durov's Fantastic Animal Communistic State.

His Rats Were Restless, Because Their Cage Had Not Been Opened to Give Their Master the Customary Morning Kiss. "Let my little people out," Commanded Durov Feebly, and the Cage Was Opened and the Rats Matched Up, Squad by Squad, as Usual, While the Tears Rolled Down the Dying Man's Cheeks.

Durov's Animal Train Was One of the Shows of Moscow, and This Photograph Is of Durov Giving His Turkey Gobbler Conductor Instructions.

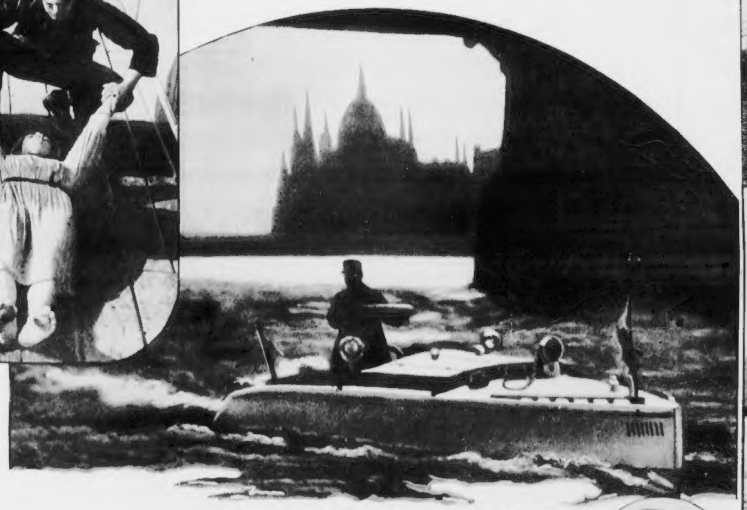
The Monkey Engineer and the Monkey Fireman of Durov's Train Having a Little Argument About Its Management.

© 1935, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Strange Lure of Budapest's Bridges for Suicides

Special Police Squads on Duty Night and Day, Both on the Spans and the River Below, to Rescue Them---and Each Bridge Has Its Own Class of Despairing Customers of Death

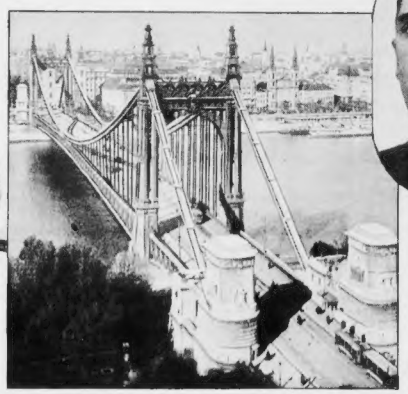
One of the Rescue Squads Administering First Aid to a Woman Would-Be Suicide They Have Fished From the Danube.



One of the Swift Boats of the River's Night Suicide Patrol Cruising Around the Bridge, Alert for Anyone Bent on Self-Destruction.

Remarkable Snapshot of a Suicide Who Has Jumped From the Budapest Railway Bridge---the Photographer Spent Three Days Patiently Waiting for Someone to Leap Over the Side, and Was Finally Rewarded With This.

One of the Lions on the Chain Bridge, Cause of the First of the Bridge Suicides. Its Sculptor Threw Himself From the Bridge Because He Had Forgotten to Put a Tongue in This Statue and Couldn't Stand the Ridicule.



The Elizabeth Bridge, Named for Hungary's Tragic Queen, From Which Most of the Suicides for Love Occur.

Policeman Joseph Horvath, Constable of One of the Suicide Squads, Who Has Saved 171 Persons From Self-Destruction.

BUDAPEST, Feb. 11.

BUDAPEST'S bridge suicide squad, the only one of its kind in the world, has just celebrated the 25th anniversary of its founding. This scene of thirty-two special police has been remarkably successful, having during the ten years rescued 1,903 persons bent on self-destruction from the spans of the bridges or from the waters of the Danube River beneath them.

The twin cities of Buda and Pest are united by five bridges across the Danube, longest and broadest river of Europe except the Volga. A sculptor who had named the three lions on the very first of these bridges started the custom by jumping to death from it the day before it was opened to the public. As the other four bridges followed, they received their share of that gruesome patronage, but, for some reason, each has come to attract a certain type of suicide.

However, the total number was not attractive until the economic disasters which followed the inflationary period in Europe. In all the big cities the police sought in vain to devise some method of curbing the alarming rise in the suicide figures. Only in Budapest was it possible, because there the police knew the five places to watch for it.

Ten years ago the squad was organized from the most athletic, courageous and quick-witted young men on the force, and then assigned to the police station nearest each section of the bridges to grab anyone before the jump would require a small army. The only alternative was to station someone under each bridge, ready to dash the jumper out of the broad river before it was too late.

As the scheme has now been perfected, its equipment consists of a sentry box on a float, moored to the river bank slightly down-stream from each of the bridges. In the sentry box is a telephone and tied to the float are two boats, one a light rowboat, in reserve for emergencies, and the other a larger one with an outboard engine.

Two men are on duty at all hours, taking turns at watching the bridge. While one has his eye turned upward for the pitiful form that any minute may come tumbling out of the sky, the other is equally busy keeping the motor warm, so it will start instantly.

On a clear day the watcher sees his man or woman early enough to shout, "Hoppsz!" to his companions, and often both are in the boat and free of the float before the splash comes. The watcher, who is the helmsman, does not steer for the splash, but takes his reckoning from it.

He knows by past experience that, under certain conditions of the river, a splash at a certain point should mean that he will get a glimpse of the form at a certain other spot, further down. It is his business to be at the second spot ready to grab. If the little engine was slow in starting or for any other reason, it reaches his spot too late, there is another one further down the river where he may have a second chance to cheat Death and the Danube of their prey.

The instant a form comes to the surface they pounce on it, because every second counts. First they reach for it with a specially-designed boat-hook, with long teeth that will catch in clothing, but which must not be used on the unprotected skin. If the man or woman is conscious and still bent on death, he will pull free from this contrivance and swim under the surface.

There is only one thing to do in that case, and the nearest man does it instantly. Overboard he goes, swimming down to the person whom he must save but who for the moment is his deadly enemy. The rescuer is always a powerful swimmer, in perfect condition and well-trained in life-savers' tactics. Ordinarily the policeman subdues and brings his captive to the surface in short order. But sometimes a strong one manages to clasp the rescuer in an unbreakable death-grip. It is then up to his partner in the boat above to dive down and rescue them both.

Usually it is just a limp half-drowned form they pull into the boat, and the fight is entirely against time. The body is laid face down on a rug in the boat, which races for the final, where the suicide is laid out and resuscitation methods begun. The first problem is to decide whether they can bring this case back to life alone or will need hospital help. If things look bad, one of the men stops working just long enough to run into the sentry box and pull the telephone receiver off the hook.

The telephone operator knows what that means and orders an ambulance sent. She then calls police headquarters, which heads the nearest radio car in that direction. If in spite of everything the would-be suicide achieves his wish, the men are heartbroken, especially when it is a daylight case. Out of 2,083 attempted rescues, they have succeeded with 1,903, or 92 per cent. Policeman Joseph Horvath holds the individual record for rescues, having saved 171 lives.

Most of their failures are on dark, rainy nights, when they can hardly see the bridge, and then their best method is to listen for the splash. The boat has an electric searchlight, but to hunt for a splash on the broad surface of that black river would seem almost hopeless. But they do it over and over. The Danube is black as ink on a stormy night, gray by day, but never blue except in song-writers' imaginations.

After they had rolled the water out of the lungs of one of their first rescues, he weakly uttered the following discouraging words:

"Well, you win tonight, but I am going to be a regular customer of yours until some night you will be glad enough to let me go through with it."

The police, however, had foreseen this problem and to meet it organized the Suicides' Aid Bureau, another branch of the police life-saving service, which inquires into the reasons that have prompted suicide candidates to take their fatal decision, looks after them, when they are dismissed from hospitals, gives advice and financial aid, has found employment for hundreds of desperate men and women who thought that the only way out was the river---in short, the lives that have been saved are not abandoned, but set on the path towards a decent and tolerable existence again.

According to the police, river suicides are easier to rehabilitate than others because they have shown their intelligence and common sense by selecting the best form of self-destruction there is. One of the police officials who are at the head of the river organization explains Budapest citizens partiality towards drowning to the Danube by four psychological motives. One is the presence of the river, the Budapester's permanent conscious ness of the grand wide stream that plays such an important part in the city's life.

"If I fail, if you don't love me, if I lose, if there is nothing else to be done, I'll jump into the Danube," is a sort of household byword.

As children learning to talk, they first hear of it as a dramatic exit from trouble. In later life when trouble comes, the first thing they think of is the great, gray road, and it is a practical thought. The river is strong and swift enough to make it difficult to any but very expert swimmers to reach the shore. The life instinct has little chance to save one who has thrown himself into the Danube with suicidal intent. Another reason for the preferment of the river as a solution of all difficulties is that it's cheap. Pistols and poison cost money; the Danube is there for the asking. This does not, however, explain the supremacy of river death above other means of suicide, being crushed by a railroad train or jumping from a fourth-floor window is equally inexpensive.

The most important part of the river's lure is a thought that is in the back of all but the insane suicide's mind. Any other mode of destroying himself, if it fails, may have consequences worse than death. A bullet through the brain may go awry and cause blindness. Poison, not easy to obtain or to take in the right dose, may injure some of the organs enough to make the victim a bedridden wreck but not quite kill him.

There are no skyscrapers in Budapest, therefore a jump from a window is likely to result only in being crippled for life, and even railroads sometimes maim without killing. A leap from one of the Danube bridges either means death in a few moments or, at worst, a ducking and probably a bad cold, leaving the unsuccessful suicide candidate at liberty to try and take his own life again if he can.

This dread of surviving as a cripple lends to restrain most other forms of suicide except drowning. And now that the bureau's work is well known, even that is an additional lure, especially to the penniless in whose mind lurks the thought:

"If I fail in this, too, and they won't let me die, that suicides' aid bureau will try to put me on my feet, and perhaps they can."

Many suicides really do not know their own minds, and once they have taken the fatal plunge realize that they really do not want to die. Those are cured forever, long before they hit the water.

The first permanent link between the twin cities was the Chain Bridge, built a century ago. The sculptor who created the pair of lions which guard each end of the bridge forgot to put any tongues in their open mouths. Friends and rivals teased him so mercilessly about this oversight that he "shuddered" the bridge with his own suicide the day before it was opened officially.

Curiously enough, each bridge has its own class of customers for death. The Chain Bridge is used almost exclusively by elderly persons bent on suicide, perhaps because it is the oldest.

When, after a century later, the Margaret Bridge was built, it took considerable custom away from the Chain Bridge, particularly the women. In the last ten years there is no record of a woman jumping from the Chain Bridge. The Margaret Bridge is much easier to jump from, having low parapets, and its embankments are less frequented than the others. It is the bridge from which mainly the unemployed and destitute leap. This may be because it connects the poorer parts of the two cities, but there may be other deeper, psychological reasons.

The Elizabeth Bridge is the choice of women, especially the lovelorn among them. Perhaps it is the slender, graceful lines of this bridge, or perhaps its name, given in memory of the unhappiest of Hungary's queens, Franz Josef's assassinated consort, that draws them here.

Budapest's most famous "suicide bridge," however, is the Franz Josef Bridge, scene of the most spectacular and least successful suicide attempts. It is suspended from four very tall and slender pillars, each of which is crowned by the bronze effigy of the "Turul" bird, the legendary eagle that led the ancient Magyars from their cradle in uppermost Asia to Hungary, their present home. These symbolical spread-eagles, aloft on their tall pillars, are the aim of sensation-seeking suicide candidates.

Again and again men will climb up to a "Turul" bird on Franz Josef Bridge with the intent of throwing themselves down from the dizzy height, but when they arrive at the top most of them are terrified on looking down upon the river so far below, and very few have actually risked the jump which is absolutely fatal. The rescue of these reformed suicides is a job for the fire department.

The southernmost of the five is a railroad bridge, which can only be reached by a long walk. Jumpers from that bridge are in deadly earnest, choosing a dark night and waiting until a passing train will cover the noise of the splash. More succeed here than from all the other four together.

Is No Woman Truly Happy Without Three Men?

Perfect Husband, Perfect Sweetheart, Perfect Provider Each Necessary, Explains Miss Stapp, Who Thought She Was Going to Be Rich Playboy Van Wyck's Perpetual Inspiration But Got Side-Tracked

Lolita Cordoba, Mr. Van Wyck's Present Inspiration, Whom He Married.

Miss Stapp in the Inca Indian Hat Which Mr. Van Wyck Created for Her When His Artistic Temperament Was Engrossed by Indians.

Miss Cordoba, Now Mrs. Van Wyck, Nursing a Black Eye Mr. Van Wyck Gave Her Before He Married Her.

Two Faces of Mozelleeita Stapp, Eccentric Mr Van Wyck's Inspiration for a Long Time, Who Explains That the Lucky Woman Is She Who Can Have the Three Necessary Types of Men All Rolled in One.

The American Weekly has several times recorded what is newest in the romantic adventures of Miss Mozelleeita Stapp, artist and dancer, with very rich playboy and artist, Prescott Van Wyck, and also the equally romantic adventures of Miss Lolita Cordoba, attractive singer, with the same eccentric gentleman. Mozelleeita traveled all over the world with Mr. Van Wyck but did not succeed in marrying him. Here Miss Stapp explains why she is not greatly disappointed in not becoming Mrs. Van Wyck and her theory of what it takes in the way of men to make a woman truly happy. And at the same time reveals her progress along these lines.

By MOZELLECITA STAPP.

IN order for the modern woman to be completely happy, I believe that there should be three men in her life each of whom plays an important part. These three are the perfect husband and father of her children, the perfect lover and the perfect provider.

I know this sounds startling. I know this will shock my socially prominent family in New Orleans and my ultra hater, the fashionable Ward Belmont, finishing school in Nashville, Tenn., where I was the youngest honor graduate, just as it would have shocked my aristocratic Spanish grandfather, the Marquis D'Alberto, who died recently. Nevertheless it is true and one cannot compromise either with truth or with life.

Ever since I made my debut at the age of 16, there have been men in my life, many, many men. Some of them looked at me with eyes of passion, some with adoration. A few, more understanding than the others, looked past my body and into my soul and saw me as their inspiration.

About the time I was 16 I began to be conscious of men and the influence which they were destined to have over my life. Now as I look back and think of all the men I have known, I find that I needed them, not as every woman needs three, each playing an important and individual part. It is the story of these three men and of one other who was a combination of all three that I am now telling for the first time, revealing some of the intimate details of my private life in that other woman, perhaps may more fully understand the need for three men to make their eyes happier.

Husbands, I believe, will understand, although they may pretend not to, for many a husband has a second woman in his life who does not play around fiddle to his wife.

The first man in a woman's life should be her mate, the husband upon whom she can lavish her virginal love, who is the loudest and most adoring of all. She may love him for love itself — or, since it pleases her vanity to play the role of angel, she may love him for his weaknesses.

Next, since romance lingers in a woman's heart long after it has died in her husband's who reverts to the matter-of-fact things in life, woman needs a second man who can supply that romance which keeps her young and radiant. That second man may be a dancer, a poet, a musician, or perhaps a man of the world who understands women and who can breathe the breath of romance into a stifling home life and without necessarily becoming a lover. He supplies the glamor in her life which her husband may supply the coffee and aspirin on the morning after.

The third man in a woman's life may come soon after, or many years later. He is the man with influence or with money. If the woman is a career woman, if in spite of her marriage she desires to get ahead in the business or professional world, influence is sufficient. If, however, she craves the luxurious things in life, then the third man must have money.

Somehow Fate and Circumstance have ordained that only rarely may all three men be assembled in one body. If it were otherwise, how happy most women would be, how few triangles and other complications would arise. But as it is, how many young people in love do not have money. They may be as honey as an old shoe but one that will soon require mending. And how many couples that do have money have but romance, their lives a bottle of expensive champagne that has ceased to fizz.

I was not quite sixteen when the first man entered my life. He was John Jackson, the cutest boy in Nashville and the most popular in that city as well as at Vanderbilt University where he was a junior. Although men had been noticing me since I was eleven, Johnny was the first man I looked at.

When I saw him for the first time, I said to myself, this is love, this is the real thing! He felt the same way about it, too.

We used to meet at the lunch wagon on the campus between his school and mine. Over such prosaic things as hamburgers and wieners we talked about love. On Sundays we went for long drives in the country with other young couples.

We became engaged. I promised my father that we would not get married for a year as we were both very young. He believed that it was puppy love and would not endure. After my debut he told me that he intended to send me to New York to continue my art career. "Johnny will forget you soon," he said.

I was frightened. I met Johnny that night and told him what my father had said. He reassured me. "I could never do without you, darling," he said. He suggested that we elope.

The next day I told my father that I was going to a tea party. Instead I met Johnny at the minister's home and we got married. Then we ran away to Louisville, Ky., for our honeymoon.

It was then I learned that more than love is necessary in a woman's life.

Seven days later when we returned from our honeymoon, both of our families met us at the station. My father suspected that Johnny could not support me. As for my father-in-law, he smiled and said, "I knew you'd make a man of him." I didn't know then that Johnny lived a good time in such an extent that it interfered with his supporting me. I was to find that out very soon. When my father suggested that we have the marriage annulled, I pleaded for time. I still had illusions. During the next thirteen months in which I lived with Johnny they were rudely shattered. I was not experienced enough with men at that time to realize that every man has at least one weakness. Johnny's was "good timing." I could not understand that in spite of the fact that he loved me, he could keep on neglecting me and leave me alone night after night. When I did come to that realization I divorced him.

And then I came to understand why the first man in a woman's life is so important, no matter how many men she may meet afterwards. I came to believe then, as I know now, that the only true love is the mating love and first love is always that kind. It is that love in which a man's kisses thrill you so that you lose your appetite for food, you wake up in the night and sigh and turn hot and cold. It is the kind of love that expresses the URGE which Nature plays upon us to insure procreation.

In spite of Johnny's weaknesses I have never forgotten him. Because my intellect triumphed over my emotions, however, I left him and my sentiment outgrew him just as a child outgrows his love for candy. A great many women, however, do not take this step. It pleases them to feel that a man's weakness can be conquered by their noble feminine qualities. Perhaps it is right. Perhaps it is material instinct. Call it what you will, it marks the beginning of mental anguish and the need for the second man to lift them out of the slough of despond.

I met the second man in my life a year after my divorce. He was a young Annapolis graduate. People had thought I was having a gay time trotting around to frat dances, football games and other collegiate activities centering at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, where I was visiting my brother, Carlos. Little did they know, however, that I cried myself to sleep every night thinking about Johnny and wondering about the new men I was meeting. What faults would be revealed, I wondered, if I married one of them. I knew just enough to be foolish, and I was serious enough to be all mixed up.

My young ensign stirred me strangely from the minute I set eyes on him.

He was romance. I knew it when he kissed me the first night he met me.

Our engagement lengthened to two years. When he was in New York I saw him constantly and when he was at sea, I dreamt of him and of romance.

Then curiously, my feelings began to change. I was very popular, went out with men, but kept them at arms' length, though every man I met either proposed or propositioned me.

And I began to move in more sophisticated circles. I no longer was meeting young college men, and boys who were just getting started in business. Nightly I was being rushed by men who had influence, power and money. Romance, and the second man, having played their important part were being crowded into the background.

Romance was ended and the third man was just beyond the horizon.

I sensed the need for the third man. My father had ceased to send me money and I began to realize what money really meant in the struggle for existence.

I met a young Englishman. He was worth ten-million dollars and he was crazy about America. A Cambridge graduate, he was taking a post-graduate course at Columbia University. He was a geologist and intended to settle in America.

Twenty minutes after he met me he proposed. He said that he had fallen in love with my picture which was hung in another boy's room in the Columbia dormitory. At first I thought that he was the third man. He wrote letters to my father and my father in turn wrote me that he approved of him. I let him give me an engagement ring.

I don't know what caused me to change my mind. Perhaps his matter-of-fastness. Perhaps it was my feminine perversity. Our marriage was still two months off when I told him that I would never marry him. He had offered me security. What I really wanted was a career as a ballroom dancer. He went out of my life.

A year passed. When I yearned for romance I mourned for my naval officer, and when things were bad I mourned for the Englishman, and all the while the thought of Johnny still stirred my feelings.

Young Mr. Van Wyck in an Indian Costume He Designed for Himself When Feeling "Indian ish."

Other men were coming rapidly into my life, among them Fred Lisja, the talented European ballroom dancer. I became his dancing partner at the Club Chantee. The playboys and sophisticates came and paid homage. They gave me orchids with hundred dollar bills tucked in the flowers. I burnt the bills before their eyes, for I would have none of them. It was Fred who awakened the long smouldering fire within me when he stole a kiss, but soon he returned to Europe.

Prescott Van Wyck then came into my life—the third man. I felt sympathy for this talented recluse and he said he loved me and begged me to become his wife. He lavished so many beautiful gifts upon me that I felt it was better to be loved than to love, for I had been hurt too many times in loving. Then, too, I was interested in his art.

I became his inspiration and as his model and later business adviser traveled with him in Europe and Mexico. The many things that happened on these trips have been previously detailed in The American Weekly and I afterwards was forced to sue him for back salary and for damages to my foot which he injured one night in my apartment. Prescott was married recently to Lolita Cordoba, but he went out of my life long before that when Romero del Castillo D'Ora, the wealthy and handsome Argentinian, entered it.

I have mentioned the three men that every woman needs. Romero was that rare combination of all three in one. We felt in love the first night we met. We looked into each other's eyes and knew that this was the ultimate. We were to be married and I was tremendously happy. And then Fate intervened as if determined that I should not be granted the ideal man I had so long sought. Romero was killed while flying his own airplane on a business trip to Paris.

I shall never forget that morning last July when I received a cable from the hospital in Paris, where he had been taken after the accident. I wept bitterly.

Every woman, I have said, needs three men. I had them in Johnny my husband, my naval officer and Prescott and all three in Romero. Singly I do not want them again, and all three in combination, I think, will never occur again. Fortune smiled once... but all too briefly.

MILLIONS HAIL IRIUM, THRILLING REMEDY FOR DULL TEETH!

Pepsodent Powder alone contains this amazing new scientific discovery for giving teeth thrilling luster with safety

SCIENCE WINS YOUR FIGHT!

No matter what luck you've had before in restoring natural brilliance to teeth, try the amazing effect of IRIUM, the new scientific remedy for dull teeth, contained in Pepsodent alone of powders.

For IRIUM makes Pepsodent a remarkably *active* tooth powder. At the very first brushing, it speedily loosens the dingy film on teeth and floats it away like magic.

IRIUM is a totally new kind of foaming ingredient which actually banishes film, leaving enamel far cleaner, far more radiant than other methods.

Unlike soap in many dentifrices, IRIUM does not encourage deposits of film and tartar. That's why teeth look whiter, feel clean so much longer after using Pepsodent Powder containing IRIUM.

Teeth sparkle as they never did with old-fashioned, laborious methods. Yet Pepsodent Powder containing IRIUM is DOUBLY SAFE, because it contains NO GRIT, NO PUMICE. DOUBLY PLEASANT because it contains NO CHALK, NO SOAP.

Every brushing leaves a clean, wholesome tingle to rejuvenate your mouth, your sense of taste.

Try Pepsodent Powder containing IRIUM. See how it shows up any other tooth powder you've ever used, BAR NONE!

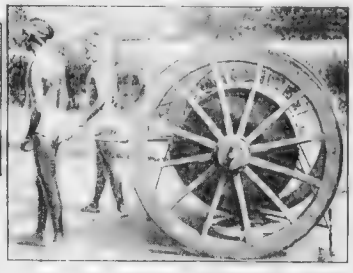
Just think—people already have bought nearly 10,000,000 cans of Pepsodent Powder. So try it yourself!

USE PEPSODENT POWDER TWICE A DAY!

SEE YOUR DENTIST TWICE A YEAR!

I S "U "G C L

The Enlightened Rajah of Travancore Opens His Holiest Temple to the Unhappy Pariahs Who for Centuries Have Been Treated as Outcasts Carrying "Pollution"



B "ARIZONA BILL," D

Adventures of the Last of the Famou
Scout, Pony Express Rider, Dep

Captain Reynolds' Outfit of Texas Badmen Robbing the Buckskin Coach in Front of Demere & McLaughlin's Ranch. From a Wood Cut Illustration by a Cowboy Artist.

A

Robbery of the Deadwood Colorado Stage Coach in 1887. From Contemporaneous Sketch by Cuver S

CHAPTER XII

By "ARIZONA BILL" (Raymond H. Gardner)

From Last Sunday

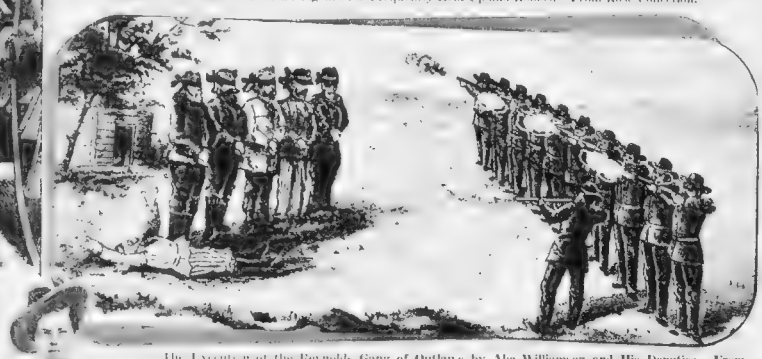
The Monument Over the Grave of Jesse James at Excelsior Springs, Missouri.

P O W W

...s Frontiersmen, Who Was Cowboy, Indian Fighter, ...uty Marshal, Arizona Ranger, and Knew All the Notorious Two-Gun Badmen and the Quick-Shooting Fearless Sheriffs of the Wide-Open Mining Towns

Belle Starr Riding Her Famous Black Horse, America's Most Famous Woman Bandit. From the Rose Collection of Photographs, San Antonio, Texas

Photographed the Last Trip of the Old Modoc Stage Out of Tombstone, Arizona. This Shows the Vehicle of the Pioneer Days Which the Road Agents So Frequently Held Up and Robbed. From Rose Collection.



The Execution of the Reynolds Gang of Outlaws by Abe Williamson and His Deputies. From Contemporary Engraving, Made by the Williamson, Haffner Engraving Company, Denver.

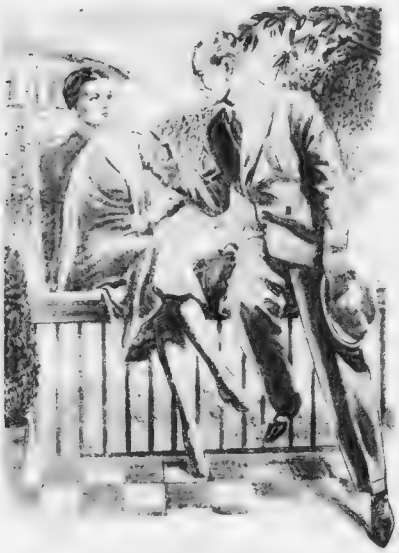
Frank James, the Outlaw, Who Reformed and Turned Preacher.

...with the axe. The horses were driven away, and then the men were ordered to go inside the

(Continued on Page 20)

Uncle Signs Up by Edgar Franklin

The Amusing Story of a Man Who Wasn't as Sick as He Thought He Was. Complete in This Issue.



M

T

W

M

Get me a dog," Mr. Strang Shouted. "I'm going to feed him a hunk of that cake and we'll watch him die." Then, by Judas, you'll see who's crazy around here!"

M

HERE'S THE IDEAL SPRING PARTY!
Emily Post and Betty Crocker
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR
Invites You
To Try The Ideal Spring Party
As Planned By Emily Post And Betty Crocker

Uncle Signs Up

An Amusing Story of a Man Who Wasn't as Sick as He Thought He Was. Complete in This Issue.

By Edgar Franklin

Continued from Page 14

DODGE DEALERS' USED CAR SALES SMASH ALL-TIME WINTER RECORD!

Every Week More Than 11,000 People Are Buying Used Cars and Used Trucks of All Makes and Models from Dodge Dealers—More Than 95,000 Buyers in Two-Months' Period!

Low Prices!

Save Real Money!

HERE ARE SOME OF THE BUYERS.. LET THEM TELL YOU HOW THEY GOTA DEPENDABLE USED CAR..

USED CARS DEPENDABLE USED TRUCKS

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL when ... Motor Cars and Trucks ... New Cars ... Dodge Dealers ... Used Cars ... after ... inspection ... and give

Depend on a Dodge Dealer for a Dependable Used Car OR USED TRUCK

(Continued on Page ...)

WHY *YOU* NEED

Resinol

Tonight RELIEVE YOUR CHILDS COLD

Here's why Doctors ...

COUGHS...

Get After that Cough Today with PERTUSSIN

30¢ Prescription FREE

PERTUSSIN

COUGH RELIEF

Clean False Teeth New, Magic Way

No Brushing Yet Polished Like New in 5 to 15 Minutes!

NEED FACE TISSUES? Ask for SITROUX

AT 5-AND-10¢ STORES

HELP TIRED FEET

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY is the mightiest of magazines

"Purr...don't pout ...tomorrow!

Gaze into the future, tonight . . . and you won't look dazed, tomorrow! Choose . . . and use . . . your whiskey with care. Call for CALVERT. Enjoy it as a gentleman should . . . in moderation. Let the end of a perfect day mark the beginning of a perfect tomorrow! Listen to experience. Call for CALVERT!

Says one cat, looking much bereft,
"I feel I've only one life left."
The other says, "Dear brother mine,
Call for CALVERT, and you'll have nine!

FREE! READY TO FRAME!

CLEAR HEADS
CALL FOR **Calvert** WHISKIES

CALVERT RECTIFIED AND BLENDED WHISKIES, 86.8 PROOF. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK. CALVERT "RESERVE" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK.

SEE THIS WHEEL IT HAS 3 LIVES!

CHICAGO FLYING SCOOT

Yes Sir! "CHICAGO" ROLLER SKATES MAKE *CHAMPIONS*

Go to YOUR DEALER TODAY
GET MEMBERSHIP CARD FOR
FREE PIN & ANKLE PADS

CHAPTER XXI

For HEAD COLDS

Stop *that* Scratching
RELIEVE ITCHING *In One Minute*

D.D.D. *Prescription*
The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

THE GREATEST Book of knowledge in the world is a scrap book containing the Biblical ... articles and illustrations published ... in the ... other issues of The American Weekly. Why not start one for home and school use?

OUT COMES THE CORN

New Triple Action Method Instantly Relieves Pain
Safely Removes Corns Prevents Their Return!

CORNS

CALLOUSES

BUNIONS

Dr Scholls Zino-pads

YES, DOCTOR

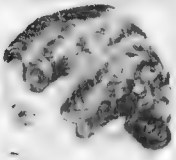
The only cough drops containing VITAMIN A are the famous ... Cough Drops ... Record ... evidence ... that Vitamin A aids the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infection ... Black or Menthol

Shake that COLD quicker!...

Do these two things:

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

Get Back Your Youthful Looks
FARR'S for GRAY HAIR



FREE SAMPLE

DIOXOGEN CREAM

FOR ITCHING SKIN

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

FREE to Catholics ONLY

T T D G T M

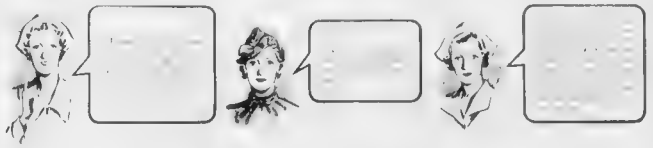
CHAPTER XVII

R

IN COLONIAL TIMES DOCTORS CARRIED GOLD-HEADED CANES IN THE BELIEF THAT THEY WERE A SAFEGUARD AGAINST INFECTION
A SINGLE GERM LODGED IN A WOUND AT NIGHT, CAN MULTIPLY TO 16 MILLION GERMS BY MORNING!
A SPOONFUL OF POISON PRODUCED BY A CERTAIN SPECIE OF GERM IS ENOUGH TO KILL ALL THE PEOPLE ON EARTH!

BEWARE OF GERMS...DON'T RISK INFECTION!

For... on the tiniest wounds, use only dressings that are clean and safe—sterilized in the package



Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick, N.J. Chicago · San Francisco

COTTON · GAUZE · BANDAGE . . . ALL STERILIZED AFTER PACKAGING

By "Arizona Bill," Daredevil Pioneer of the Old Wild West

CORNS COME BACK BIGGER, UGLIER—

unless removed Root and All

with new, safe double-action method!

NO WONDER millions of people

BLUE-JAY

BAUER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC **CORN PLASTERS**

FREE WHITE NAIL PENCIL WITH BIG BOTTLE NAIL POLISH ONLY 10¢ FOR BOTH!

Women ke... polish that goes ... Women ke... for ... LILLIAN ... Rose and Lawn ke... Generous ... Trial Offer ... AT THE 5 AND 10 CENT STORES

Lady LILLIAN

THE REAL DOINGS of real-life characters ... and scenes of people and places ... are given in the true stories printed in this and other issues of The American Weekly. ... that is why this magazine is different from other publications ... more interesting.

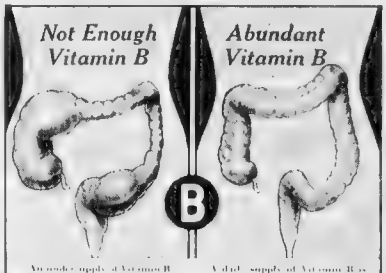
To Be Concluded Next Sunday

M S V

... Vitamin Shortage

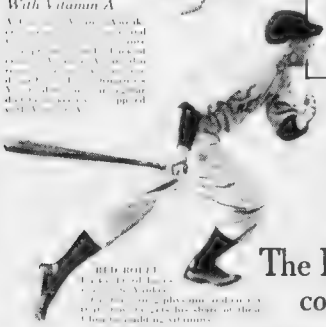
Most People Don't Know They Fail to Get ENOUGH VITAMINS at Mealtimes—Until Ill Health Shows It

But, Eat a SPECIAL SUPPLY of These 4 Vitamins EACH DAY and You Can Forget Them In Your Meals and Add to Your Vitamin Health



Too Little Vitamin G Means Poor Growth

Undersupplied With Vitamin A



The Richest Food Source of these combined Vitamins A, B, D *and* G

Copyright ... Inc.

Ease Throbbing Pain Quickly
With Baume "Ben-Gay"

Continued from Page 11

CHAPTER XVIII

Here's the Thrilling New Shampoo Everyone Is Raving About

New-type Shampoo Amazes Women Everywhere!

Uncle Signs Up

By Edgar Franklin

FINDS SECRET OF POPULARITY
IT'S ANOTHER DAME CALLING. HOW DO YOU DO IT BILL?
NEATNESS, JIM. SHINE UP WITH SHINOLA AND YOU'LL SHINE WITH THE GIRLS
HOLY SMOKES! LOOK AT THE BEAUTY JIM BROUGHT TO THE DANCE TONIGHT!
YOU SHINE WHEN YOUR SHOES SHINE!
ALL COLORS... AT ALL STORES, ONLY 10
BLACK
SHINOLA
SHOE POLISH
SHINOLA MAKES A POLISH, DYE, CLEANER FOR EVERY TYPE OF SHOE

T T D G T M

CHAPTER XIX

A

Sani-Flush
CLEANS TOILETS WITHOUT SCOURING

READ THE AMERICAN WEEKLY regularly — there's no other magazine like it.

MADE EASY

ANSWERING YOUR QUESTIONS

NORFORMS

Very Fast Way to Ease Sore Throat

Pains due to Colds:

1

2

3

Just Gargle This Way with Bayer Aspirin

FOR INSTANT RELIEF

15¢ FOR A DOZEN • 2 FULL DOZEN 25c • VIRTUALLY 1c A TABLET

Number Thirty-Three

A Short Fiction Story Complete in This Issue.

By Eleanor Elsner

THE man glanced at the woman sitting opposite him.

"Have you any objection to talking on this job, Stanislas?" he asked. "I'll be at it once if you have—"

"Of course not," she said quickly. "Why should I mind?"

"Well, you seemed to hesitate, and it's never been put on that before."

"I've worried more for you seven years; you might know me better than that," she said.

As a matter of fact, she very much did mind talking about Neil's affair at this moment. Neil had been thinking it would be impossible for me to get out and go to bed, even for a little while. I suppose I was struck with weariness at the idea of being sent to the very place I wanted to go for a few days, and my thoughts wandered for an instant.

"Oh, well, that's natural," he said. "You'll have plenty of time to see some friend. I daresay you'll be in Italy two or three weeks at least, and the more social friends you see the more attention will be drawn from your special work. You have all the facts — you know exactly what you have to find out?"

"Yes, I think I've got it all, mine and—" You think you've traced the chief receiver of this special Mediterranean gang to some man in Italy who is known to us, English nicknames and who has the enormous three-cornered capacity of shipping, a business man in short, but you don't know his real name, you don't know what his export business is, and you don't know just whereabouts in Italy he operates."

"Well, it must be a port Naples or Genoa almost certainly, and as Naples is so closely watched, I suspect it's Genoa. Of course, it might easily be a smaller port, but a big export business would be from one of those two places. I think you'd better concentrate on Genoa first. Number 27 in three days, and will tell you more details. I have instructed him to show you the dossier he has of people who may be connected. You need not hurry. I don't expect you back under a month. Good luck!"

"Oh, Neil, just look at this picture! He's the best man that ever lived, and we really love each other!"

It was in the train rushing down to Genoa, that the doubt assailed her again—and what was it, she wondered. To be sent to the very place she wanted to go to, to be able to go to Jocelyn just when she so desperately needed her advice, she might to be overjoyed, and yet, somehow, she wasn't.

"I must be mad," she thought to herself. "I suppose it's the amazing love of being sent for me. To be very glad I wanted to go to that has just startled me. I wonder what Jocelyn wants me so urgently for?"

What her friend wanted her for was evident immediately they met. Jocelyn was radiant, more beautiful than ever, brimming over with vitality and joy.

"Good heavens I thought you were in trouble, that you needed me so desperately, you look on the top of life."

"Oh, Nell," Jocelyn said, kissing her. "I'm amazingly happy. I am on the top of life, if only I can stay there. I've met the real man for me, and he loves me and I adore him. We are to be married almost at once, but, but—"

"Another love affair?" Nell smiled, but Jocelyn looked serious.

"No, not that at all, the real thing this time. My sole chance of happiness in life depends on it—if only I haven't spoilt it beforehand! But I'll tell you all about it after dinner. I'm taking you to my own flat. You can give me tonight, can't you? You need not begin your own work till tomorrow? I must tell you—you must help me!"

"Yes, I can give you tonight and lots of time later, too, I think. I may be in Italy some weeks."

Jocelyn's face fell, and her friend looked at her in wonder. "Aren't you glad?" Don't you want me to stay?"

"No, woman can tell how glad I am to see you, but I want you to do something for me in England—oh, better mind, I can tell you after dinner."

But after dinner it was the man they talked about, for Nell was keen to hear and Jocelyn was avid to talk.

"Nell, you know I've been desperately in love before—"

"Certainly, I know. How many escapes have I not helped you out of," Nell answered dryly. "Is there another for me to clear up?"

"Oh, don't be sarcastic and hard at once. I know I've been wild and done mad things, but now it I can only get clear this once and marry the Squire I know I shall run straight all the rest of my life."

"Marry who?" Nell sat up quickly.

"His mother was an Englishwoman, his father was an Italian. My blessed Bertie, and he's always called "The Squire"—it's a sort of pet name for he's exactly like an Englishman himself. His name is Bertie Sacrarelli, and he comes of a very old Italian family, who have had to go into business as they lost all their money."

"What sort of business?" Nell asked slowly, looking at her.

"It's a big shipping and export affair," Jocelyn told her. "You know I've been sending old furniture and tapestries and all sorts of antiques to America and England and making what I could out of it. Most of them went from Villefranche; it's so difficult to get anything out of Italy now, especially big things, but lots of old furniture are not real antiques, and I've sent a good deal from Corsica and Majorca, and the Squire, as head of the shipping side of his firm, has helped me enormously—that was how I first met him. It's entirely through his help I've done anything these last two years. Since America slumped my market there has been closed. If it hadn't been for Bertie, I couldn't have carried on at all. Oh, Nell, just look at this picture. He is the dearest, straightest, best man that ever lived and we really love each other."

Nell felt her mouth dry and her lips parched. "Give me a whisky and soda," she said, as she took the photograph and looked at it. It was the picture of a big, young Englishman, with an open, smiling face, wide set eyes, and very broad shoulders. Across the picture was written, in bold handwriting, "The Squire."

"Yes, he looks an Englishman," she murmured, "and he has helped you in your work?"

"He helps everybody. Oh! he's the dearest thing, always willing to do something for others. Their ships go all over the world—cargo boats and freight steamers, and a few small passenger boats. He's always provided a crate of mine in when I wanted it to go quickly. Everybody knows them—the firm, I mean. They're famous all over the world as the straightest dealers in all Italy. The Customs people are always decent and obliging to any boat of theirs. Nell, if anything spoils this, I don't know what I shall do. I love him in spite a different way than I've ever loved before, sometimes. I know him absolutely, but if anything goes awry, my life is done—finished. I know that—"

"What should go awry? I suppose you've told him all about the past, if you love and trust him so completely?"

"I've told him everything but one thing, and that's where you've got to help me, Anthony's letters—"

"Do you mean to say that affair is not settled yet? Those terrible letters are still in the hands of that unscrupulous man? Then, indeed, my dear, your chances of happiness seem to me small."

Jocelyn walked over to her writing table, her face as white as chalk. "I have a letter from

(Continued on Page 24)

The Fortune family have no worries about the financial future. That's why they can enjoy the present so much more than many other families in similar circumstances.

Ned Fortune, like most men, used to do a lot of worrying about the future until he discovered the John Hancock Family Independence Plan, a contract especially developed for average men earning average salaries, who have to meet the expense of a growing family as well as protect them for the years ahead.

Every man with a family will want to read Ned Fortune's story. It is told in an interesting booklet entitled, "That Fortune Family Across the Street." Send the coupon for your copy.

JOHN HANCOCK MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

John Hancock
Life Insurance Company

Please send me your booklet, "That Fortune Family Across the Street"

Name

Address

EVERY STUDENT in America should study the exclusive and intensely interesting articles on science and invention published regularly in this and other issues of The American Weekly. World famous scientists cover every subject, from astronomy to entomology.

WILL AND BETTY
BETTY, I'M TAKING YOU TO SEE ALMOST $10,000,000 WORTH OF COLOR THIS AFTERNOON!
NOW, JUST CALM YOURSELF, WILL— $10,000,000 WORTH! YOU MUST BE SUFFERING FROM DELUSIONS—
NO, DEAR, I'M SERIOUS. WE'RE GOING TO SEE $10,000,000 WORTH OF COLOR AND ONLY A FEW YEARS AGO NO ONE OFFERED MORE THAN $1.29 FOR IT. NOW WHERE'S THAT PACKAGE OF CHOCOLATE KRE-MEL?
WILL YOU CALM YOURSELF? WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU WANT THE CHOCOLATE KRE-MEL FOR?
FOR A QUICK MILK SHAKE! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS STIR SOME KRE-MEL IN A GLASS OF MILK!
HOW DID YOU FIND OUT ABOUT THAT?
A CHAP AT THE OFFICE TOLD ME. YOU KNOW, THE DOCTOR RECOMMENDS KRE-MEL IN MILK FOR HIS YOUNGSTER, THE CHILD WOULD NEVER DRINK MILK BEFORE.
WHY, I'VE KNOWN ALL ALONG THAT KRE-MEL IS A SOURCE OF QUICKLY AVAILABLE FOOD ENERGY. THAT'S WHY I SERVE IT SO OFTEN.
BUT THIS KRE-MEL MILK SHAKE IS A NEW ANGLE FOR YOU, ISN'T IT?
YES, WE LIVE AND LEARN! I'VE MADE SOME VERY UNUSUAL DESSERTS WITH KRE-MEL— THAT CHOCOLATE CREAM PIE AND CHILLED BLANC MANGE
NOT FORGETTING THOSE DELICIOUS PARFAITS—SAY IS THAT HARD TO MAKE?
WITH KRE-MEL? I SHOULD SAY NOT! IT TAKES ONLY 5 MINUTES TO MAKE A TASTY PUDDING, AND IT'S ECONOMICAL TOO. FOUR BIG HELPINGS TO EVERY PACKAGE.
WELL, DEAR, WE'RE GOING TO SEE AN EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF THE DUTCH PAINTER VAN GOSH.
NOW, IF YOU HAVE A MINUTE TO SPARE, WILL YOU CLEAR UP THAT $10,000,000 DOLLAR MYSTERY FOR ME?
OH, YES! I READ THAT DURING HIS LIFETIME HE REALIZED ONLY $1.29 FROM HIS PAINTINGS.
THAT'S RIGHT. AND NOW HIS WORKS OF ART ARE VALUED AT $10,000,000.
WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IS THE VALUE OF A KRE-MEL MILK SHAKE?
WELL, I'D SAY KRE-MEL IS WORTH ABOUT A BILLION IN QUICK ENERGY FOR ME!

Not Only Delicious
but it's rich in
DEXTROSE...the food-energy sugar

Being just "delicious" doesn't begin to describe Kre-Mel Dessert. It is easily prepared, comes in four tempting flavors and—is a real energy-*food*. Kre-Mel is rich in Dextrose, the sugar Doctors call "muscle" sugar. Dextrose provides material for energy, helps to relieve fatigue, and sustains activity.

Kre-Mel costs only 5 cents at your grocers. Keep a supply on hand—serve it *often!* It's delicious and nutritious!

PER PACKAGE

© 1931, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

PREFERRED TO THE COSTLIEST SHORTENINGS!

"OF COURSE I USE JEWEL SPECIAL-BLEND SHORTENING. IT MAKES FAR MORE TENDER BAKED FOODS."

TROPICAL SHORTCAKE

Mrs. S. W. Reader, Palmetto, Florida

Sift together 2 c. flour, 4 tsps. baking powder, 1 tsp. salt and 2 tbsps. sugar. Blend in 4 tbsps. Jewel; add ½ c. milk and mixed shortening; enter with other half, and ½ c. milk. Spoon into shortcakes. Bake in a hot oven, 450° F., about 20 minutes. Unmold top with grapefruit and orange sections which have been sugared and allowed to stand for 1 hour. Serves 8.

A Finer Shortening

The Vegetable Fat in Jewel is given remarkable shortening properties through Swift's exclusive Flaked Blending. It will make lighter, finer pastries than other blend-cooking fats. Jewel also makes more tender fried foods and creams better than the costliest types of pure all-vegetable shortening.

In money-saving paper cartons!

GOODBYE DANDRUFF!

The Truth About Soap Shampoos

1. This photograph shows bacteria and dandruff scales, both greatly magnified, as found in ordinary soap shampoo.

2. All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter could be completely removed from the scalp by

After and between Fitch Shampoos, Fitch's Hair Tonic is the ideal preparation to stimulate the hair roots and give new life, luster and beauty to your hair.

Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo

THE F. W. FITCH COMPANY, Des Moines, Iowa - - - Toronto, Can.

INTENSELY interesting articles on popular science appear regularly in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY. Don't miss them if you want to be well-informed of scientific progress!

Number Thirty-Three

A Short Fiction Story Complete in This Issue.

By Eleanor Elsner

(Continued from Page 23)

him here, Nell," she said; "read it!"

My dear Jocelyn (it began)—I am not quite the fiend you depict me. And once I loved you, whatever you may think, or I shall be glad to know you are happy. If you will send by a messenger you can trust and vouch for all the letters you have of mine, I will give that messenger in return the box containing yours. I will not send them through the post, and I will not meet you to make the exchange. But I swear to you on my honor that all the letters you wrote me shall be in the box.—Anthony.

Jocelyn hardly waited for her to finish. "Nell, Nell," she cried, "you will do this for me—you must do it. My whole life and happiness depend on it. I can trust you completely, and you are the only soul I can. You will take this little dispatch case of Anthony's letters to London. I know you can carry your hand luggage through, owing to your work, with little risk of it being looked at. Anthony will fetch it from your flat the same night. He will open his case and show you that my letters are in it. You will open this and his letters are lying tied in bundles, all addressed in his hand-writing to me. There can be no mistake. Give him this case, and take his case in return. Nell, I implore you, I beg it of you, if you care for me."

"You don't know what you are asking me to do," Nell said slowly.

"But you will do it, my dear darling. You always said you would do what you could for me. I swear to you on my honor that if you will do this, never, never again will I do a shady thing."

"Yes, those letters must be destroyed, I agree there." Nell sat up straight. "And there isn't much time, as today is November 16. I will do it on one condition. I will take your case of letters to London, and give it to Anthony in exchange for his case. I will start tomorrow night, Wednesday, and you must wire him to come to my flat on the night of Friday, and make the exchange that night. And you must marry your Benito on the Saturday, don't ask me why. I won't tell you, it's my condition."

"But it's amazing, Nell," Jocelyn cried out, "it's perfectly amazing, it's just what he wants. One of their boats leaves Genoa for Greece on Saturday afternoon and he wants us to go in it on our honeymoon! Oh, we always meant to have a private wedding —no fuss or anything—and he's had his special marriage permission in his pocket for ten days, but I wouldn't do it till I knew the Anthony letters were destroyed. He'll be shouting with joy that I've suddenly agreed. You must see him tomorrow, darling, darling Nell."

"No, I won't see him," Nell said, patting her friend gently from her. "I don't want to see him yet and I shall be busy all tomorrow morning, and now I'm dead tired; I must go to bed."

At nine o'clock next day Number 33 went down to the private office of her department and reported herself, but announced that she was leaving the same night. "I shall come back next week," she said. "The Chief told me I need not hurry. I could have a short time for some private business of my own, but as I am here, you might show me the three dossiers he said you had of persons who might be of importance." She went over them carefully, but they seemed of no value to her. "By the way, do you know the firm of Sarfaratti?" she asked as she left.

The secretary laughed. "I should say so," he said. "One of the best firms in Europe."

"A friend of mine is going to marry Benito Sarfaratti, I think, but it's a secret still, only I wondered what sort of a man he was."

"One of the very best," came the instant reply.

When Jocelyn saw Nell off that evening there were tears of joy in her eyes.

"You will never know what you have done for me, Nell," she whispered, as she handed her the case of letters.

"And you will never know what I have done for you either, my dear," Nell said, as she kissed her good-bye, "but, anyhow, I have given you your chance and I rely on you to keep your promise to me and take it."

Everything ran according to plan; the journey was quick and uneventful. Number 33's luggage with its secret cipher sign was passed quickly through the Customs, and at nine o'clock Friday night Anthony came to her flat.

"I have given those up long ago if Jocelyn would have sent mine," he said. "She's been the difficult one. She isn't what you think her, Nell; don't deceive yourself."

"We won't discuss it," Nell said. "Open your case, and I'll open this one. I'll verify the fact that her letters to you are really being returned to me."

"I'll take your word for mine," he smiled. "You need not open the case you've brought me unless you like."

But she insisted on opening both cases and looking at the handwriting of the letters lying in neat packages on the top. When he had gone she put one little packet after another into the fire, and watched it gradually consumed. Then she wrote a wire to Jocelyn, "Letters destroyed, carry on, Nell."

Next day at noon she was urgently summoned to the Chief's office.

"The largest quantity of cocaine ever received at once landed in London last night," he said. "You brought it in yourself in a case which you believed contained love letters, and gave it to a man in exchange for another case, really containing love letters, which you destroyed. We've got the case of cocaine and the man, and we've tracked the whole gang, and it's only a question of time before we break them."

"And his—his confederates?" gasped Number 33.

"Miss Jocelyn Moreton and Benito Sarfaratti left Genoa the day after you did, for Africa we think. They were paid an enormous sum for the drug directly it crossed the Italian frontier, and had plenty of time to get away.

"We'll probably never get her, but we've broken up the gang, anyhow? It's all right," he went on, smiling at her. "I know you've been deceived, and knew nothing, but if you hadn't sent that wire after you destroyed the letters, I'd have had to have you arrested, I'm afraid."

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3613. TOTS TWIXT TWO AND TEN WILL LOOK THEIR ADORABLE BEST IN A TUB COTTON FROCK WITH GAY CONTRASTING SLEEVES. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch fabric and ⅝ yard contrasting.

Pattern 3612. NICE AS HOUSE DRESS, SPORTS FROCK OR UNIFORM IS THIS SOFTLY TAILORED STYLE. ALLOWS FOR LONG OR SHORT SLEEVES. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3611. SIMPLY BEGUILING BIAS BRAID MAY TRIM THIS ALREADY TRIM FROCK. CUT FROM FEW PATTERN PIECES. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch fabric and 2⅝ yards braiding.

Pattern 3510. VERY SPRING-LIKE, THIS DASHING SHORT-SLEEVED FROCK. CHOOSE A FLOWER-FRESH PRINT OR COLORFUL PLAIN FABRIC. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch fabric and ⅝ yard 1-inch ribbon.

Pattern 3617. USE SCRAPS OF YARN FOR FLOWERS IN THIS COLORFUL AFGHAN COMPOSED OF SEPARATE MEDALLIONS. Pattern 3617 contains complete directions for making the afghan shown; an illustration of it and of all stitches used; material requirements; color suggestions.

Pattern 3573. JOY FOR A THIRTY-FOUR OR FORTY-EIGHT IN AN "AT HOME" STYLE THAT MAKES YOU APPEAR YOUNG, SLIM AND PRETTY. Designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch fabric.

PRICE OF PATTERNS, 15 CENTS EACH.

Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily-followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly SIZES, PATTERN NUMBERS, YOUR NAME, YOUR STREET AND ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for each pattern, and address your envelope to

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT.,
635 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

MY WIFE WAS THE STINGY TYPE

(she always swiped my Kleenex)

Wives, Beware! Men, too, know the

KLEENEX HABIT

saves noses during colds

● No wonder men leave home when Friend Wife is stingy with Kleenex Tissues. When sniffles start there's nothing like the Kleenex Habit to soothe tender noses. Besides, Kleenex saves money; costs less than having handkerchiefs laundered.

Stand up for your rights, men! Have *your own* box of Kleenex at home and another at the office—for use during colds, to wipe spectacles, to clean pipes and for many other uses. Remember, too, Kleenex dries razor blades in a split second—saves towels and tempers. And after shaving with brushless cream, use Kleenex to wipe your face, dry around the corners.

Yes, here's a habit that's good for everyone! During colds it's certainly to "wife's" interest for it reduces handkerchief washing. And Kleenex tends to retain germs, thus checks the spread of colds through the family. Simply use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

Keep Kleenex in Every Room. Saves Steps — Time — Money
To remove face creams and cosmetics . . . To apply powder, rouge . . . To dust and polish . . . For the baby . . . And in the car—to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.
KLEENEX
No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue—the next one pops up ready for use!

KLEENEX *A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)*

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

LIFE BEGINS AT 23

I WISH I BELIEVED IN SIGNS! DO YOU THINK THAT ONE IS REALLY TRUE?
MIDOL RELIEVES ENDACHE
MY DEAR, I KNOW IT IS, AND I'M GRATEFUL FOR IT EVERY MONTH.
NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT! THE SUFFERING SECRETARY DECIDES TO TEST MIDOL...
SOUR
THAT'S ALL, THANKS, EXCEPT I WOULD LIKE A GLASS OF WATER.
POOR CHILD! YOUR PAINS MUST BE AT THEIR HEIGHT NOW.
MOTHER, MY PAIN HAS STOPPED! I HEAR THE PHONE AND IF IT IS PAUL, I'M GOING OUT!
LUCKY I CALLED UP AGAIN, LOU. THANK GOODNESS FOR THE FAIR SEX BEING SO CHANGEABLE!
THANK GOODNESS FOR WHAT LET ME CHANGE MY MIND.

DON'T let the calendar regulate your activities! Don't "favor yourself" or "save yourself" certain days of every month! Keep going, and keep comfortable — with the aid of Midol.

Modern women no longer give-in to functional periodic pain. It's old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there is now a reliable relief for such suffering.

Some women who have always had the hardest time are relieved by Midol. Why not try it?

Many who use Midol do not feel a single twinge of pain, or even a moment's discomfort during the entire period. These tablets provide a proven means for the relief of such pain, so why endure suffering Midol might spare you?

Don't be afraid of the speed with which Midol acts. Its principal ingredient has often been prescribed by specialists.

You can get Midol in a trim aluminum case at any drug store. Two tablets should see you through your worst day.

© 1937, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

This Much More Exclusively in a SHELVADOR

• MORE BEAUTY
• ECONOMY • CONVENIENCE
• USABLE SPACE • ACCESSIBILITY
EXCLUSIVELY IN
CROSLEY
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS

Wine as a Cooking Flavoring

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

WINE as a cooking flavoring and seasoning has been one of the secrets and pet ingredients of the best chefs of older civilizations. In past eras as for example during the nineteenth century, the knowledge, selection and use of "spirits and wines" in the culinary arts was regarded as an essential division of housewifely skill. In many cases the preserved cordials, bitters and spirituous liquid to flavor puddings and sauces as well as meats, were homemade from the herbs and fruits of the home kitchen-garden and orchard.

There was then, and is now, little real distinction between wines, brandies etc., made from fruits, and the fresh fruit juices themselves so commonly used to season or to heighten food flavors. Thus grapejuice and grape wine, or raisins and wine from raisins are equally fragrant and delightful in enriching the dish in which they are added.

Some wines more emacy resemble the juices of sharply pungent fruits and can often be used where such juices are familiar as in sauces for fish. Wine is a permanent essence, a deeper tone, shall we say, of the natural food "perfume" as often too delicate and too evasive.

In their simplest forms, wines are the fermented juices of fresh-gathered grapes, other fruits and certain herbs. The origins, manufacture and ritual of wine date from the earliest days of antiquity, both Greeks and Gauls regarding its use with special ceremonial and religious feeling. Some of the authentic knowledge we have today on wines dates back as far as 2200 B. C., where recently-deciphered tablets reveal practices for regulating the liquor laws of those days.

Modern methods have little place in gathering the grapes or fruit crop, and painstaking skill played in making wines of many types. A small army of workers moves slowly down the vines, clipping off clusters of grapes and filling the baskets. The filled baskets are then emptied into huge bottles and transported to the pressing house, where special machines remove the stalks and pulp. Juices are forced through funnels into immense vats or casks.

The mash is allowed to remain about three weeks in a fermenting stage, during which time the temperature is carefully watched and special cooling processes applied when necessary. At the end of the specified period the liquid is drained into barrels, where it is left to mature, five months being the minimum and three years a maximum time. During the interval the wine is drained off several times from its dregs or impurities, thus removing all chance of cloudiness.

Why wine in cooking? First, to accentuate the natural flavors of the food; second, to add new flavor or food perfume, and third, to improve food texture.

The type of wine to be selected must be determined by the purpose for which it is intended. When wine is used in cookery, it supplies fruit salts and fruit sugars which not only add in heightened flavor, but which also (being sugars) aid in browning the meat or food. Either red wines or white wines of the less expensive grades are suitable for such purposes.

Generally, since such wines are quite acid in their content, the acid (like lemon juice) helps also to tenderize the meat. The best example of this is the familiar use of the marinade (the vinegar-oil dressing in which meats are allowed to soak so that their tough fibres may become more tender. A marinade of wine, oil and spices is even more satisfactory and gives a more pleasing taste.

Try using an inexpensive cut of meat, such as pot roast, and use red wine in its cooking. The resulting gravy will be flavored deliciously, while the meat will be found to be more tender than usual. Again, most of the red or heavy-flavored meats, such as ham, rabbit, roast beef, pork, or such items as kidneys, liver, etc., gain greatly when they are cooked or basted with a wine sauce.

Thus basting, and contrasting acid flavor, makes the meat have an indefinable and very special taste. Wines added during cooking become part of the natural food juices and form the perfect food bouquet so cherished by the gourmet and epicure.

On the other hand, the sweet wines, of which sherry, claret, Madeira and Moselle are examples, combine better with lighter foods such as milk, eggs, cream mixture, etc. This makes them ideal for seasoning in desserts and many are the delectable pudding sauces or puddings, cakes and pies made flavorful by these lighter types.

Sherry alone is preeminently a cooking flavor, as everybody knows who has added a small quantity to custard, cake desserts and delicate fish dishes, such as the famed Lobster Newburg and others of the type. These lighter wines may be considered more on a par with flavoring extracts. Sherry and vanilla, for instance, being equal in the spoon of a pastry cook.

Fruits and wines, as one would imagine, combine excellently. Thus, a little wine added to mincemeat, or to eat fruits, or to a melon, is merely an extension or an intensifying of the fruit's real flavor. Many fruit desserts are much improved by the addition of only a tablespoon of the right wine, as in using wine in grapefruit, or pouring a little over the raw fruits or melon balls or a refreshing cocktail appetizer or fruit cup. In every case, add the wine some hours before the dessert or dish is to be served.

On the other hand, when using wines in cooking, never add, or seldom add, until the last moment, if the wine's perfume is the important thing to conserve. To make the point clear, if we are using a coarse, rather acid wine to make the meat tender, then by all means blend wine with meat at the time of cooking (example: adding a baked ham with wine); but if we are adding a light and sweet wine, not in order to soften texture, but merely as increased flavor, then add at the last, during the last 10 minutes of cooking, or just as the dish is being taken off the range or to the table, so that the "extract" is allowed little time to escape. A comparison of the use of perfume and wine will not come amiss.

It goes without saying that the stronger the wine the less should be used. In starting to cook with wines, be sparing and try out the recipe with only a few tablespoons or a small amount. Often water or fresh fruit juice may make up the full amount of liquid required.

Domestic wines of all varieties are now so well-established and so reasonable in price that the hostess and home chef may use them with safety and little expense. The wines, however, are still known widely by the original names of the regions where they were first or most extensively produced. A short outline of wines herewith, may be an aid to the greater enjoyment of cooking and serving with wine:

Serve with:

Appetizer or Hors d'oeuvre: Light white wines, Sauterne, Chawha, or Rhine wine types.

Oysters and Shellfish: Sauternes or dry sherry.

Soup: Light wine with consomme, dry wine with thick soup.

Fish: Dry white wine, such as Chablis type.

Entree: Light white wine.

Roast: Red wine with beef, claret with lamb; Burgundy with veal.

Chicken: Champagne or red wine.

Game: Dry wine.

Vegetables: (No wine).

Salad: Red wine, if salad includes cheese.

Dessert: Port, muscatel, or Tokay.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Orange Juice, Whole Grain Cereal, Scrambled Eggs with Bacon Rolled in Bacon and Broiled, Toast, Coffee.	Blackberry Juice, Cereal, Broiled Smoked Salmon, Delicate Corn Muffins, Coffee.	Fruit Juice, Surprise Pancakes, Banana Muffins, Coffee.	Prunes with Lemon, Scrambled Eggs with Kippered Herring, Toast, Coffee.	Canned Fruit, Cereal, Apple Pancakes, Bacon, Toast, Coffee.	Tomato Juice, Whole Grain Cereal, Poached Eggs, Milk Toast, Coffee.	Sliced Oranges and Bananas, Whole Grain Cereal, Toasted Cheese Bread, Marmalade, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Cream of Tomato Soup, Holiday Crackers, Toasted Peanut Butter Sandwiches, Pineapple Surprise, Holiday Cookies.	Sauerkraut Juice, Tomato Ring with Apple and Tuna Salad, Hot Cheese Biscuits, Fruit Trifle, Prune Cake or Cookies, Tea.	Broccoli with Cheese Sauce, Tomatoes with Bacon, Graham Bread, Fruit Cottage Pudding, Hot Fruit Punch or Tea.	Macaroni au Spaghetti, Tomato Salad, French Dressing, Swedish Bread, Butterscotch Brownies, Tea.	Grapefruit Salad, Swedish Bread, Hot Fruit Roll with Cream, Tea.	Cream of Asparagus Soup, Heart or Hatchet-Shaped Sandwiches, Raw Carrot Sticks, Celery Curls, Cauliflower Flowerets, Delicious Cup Cakes with Hatchet Garnish, Hot Fruit Punch.	Rice Timbales, Creamed Young Onions, Green String Beans with a Suggestion of Basil, Mixed Green Salad, Coffee Parfait, Lace Cookies, Half Cups Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Casserole of Ham or Pork and Sweet Potatoes, French-Fried Cabbage, Sweet Pickle Jelly Salad, Gingerbread Upside-Down Cake.	Swiss Steak with Old-Fashioned Brown Gravy, Steamed Rice, Spinach with Hollandaise Sauce, Sunshine Salad, Peach Tapioca.	(*Company*) Natchez Cocktail, Stuffed Lamb Chops, Baked Idaho Potatoes, Braised Lettuce, Frozen Fruit Salad on Cress, Cheese Straws (Holiday Shape), Coffee.	(*For Men Guests*) Emergency Lunch (Left-Overs), Browned Pork Chops or Veal Cutlets, Glazed Carrots, Buttered String Beans, Delicious Cabbage Salad, Orange Meringue Pie.	Baked Fish with Oyster Stuffing, Stewed Celery, Spiced Beets, Chiffonade Green Salad, Orange Eclairs with Chocolate Frosting.	Corned Beef in Casserole, Candied Sweet Potatoes with Apples, Buttered Mustard Greens, Cherry Compote.	Noodle Salad, Lemon Yeast Biscuits, Butter, Fruit Macedoine.

Quick Bread for Emergencies

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking

Muffins.

MIX and sift 2 cups flour, ½ cup (or less) sugar, ½ teaspoon salt and 4 teaspoons baking-powder. Beat 1 egg and add 1 cup milk and stir into the dry ingredients. Add 2 tablespoons butter, melted but not browned. Stir just enough to mix ingredients. Turn into greased muffin pans and bake in a hot oven, or at about 375 degrees F., for about 20 minutes.

Potato Flour Muffins.

BEAT 4 egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored and add ¼ teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon sugar. Mix and sift ½ cup potato flour and 1 teaspoon baking-powder. Beat 4 egg whites until stiff. Fold in beaten yolks. Then fold in sifted dry ingredients and bake in small greased muffin pans in a hot oven or at about 360 or 375 degrees, for 15 minutes.

Date Muffins.

CUT ½ pound dates into small pieces. Mix and sift 2 cups sifted flour, ½ teaspoon salt and 4 teaspoons baking-powder. Cream ¼ cup butter, add ¼ cup sugar and blend well. Add 1 beaten egg. Add ½ cup milk alternately with the flour. Fold in the chopped dates. Turn into greased muffin pans about ⅔ full. Bake in a quick oven, or at about 425 degrees.

Marmalade Muffins.

CREAM ¼ cup butter, add ¼ cup sugar and blend well. Add 1 beaten egg and when well-mixed add 1 cup milk alternately with 2 cups sifted flour sifted with ½ teaspoon salt and 4 teaspoons baking-powder. Fill greased muffin pans about ⅔ full. Put a little jam or marmalade (about a spoonful) on top and cover with the muffin mixture. A date stuffed with a pecan meat may be used in place of the jam. Bake in a quick oven, or about 425 degrees, about 20 or 25 minutes.

Apple Muffins.

CREAM ¼ cup butter, add 6 tablespoons sugar gradually and then beat in 1 egg. Mix and sift 2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Add 2 cups chopped apple. Add alternately with ½ cup milk to the butter mixture. Turn into greased muffin pans and bake about 25 minutes in a moderately hot oven, or at about 375 degrees.

Rice Flour Muffins.

MIX and sift 2 cups rice flour, 1 teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon soda. Beat 2 eggs, add 2 cups thin sour cream or buttermilk and 1 tablespoon melted butter. Mix just enough to blend, taking care not to over-beat, and turn into greased muffin pans. Bake in a quick oven, or at about 425 degrees, for about 20 minutes.

Pineapple Muffins.

MIX and sift 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 1 teaspoon soda and 1 teaspoon salt. Add 2 cups bran. Beat 1 egg, add 1 cup milk, ¼ cup molasses and 2 tablespoons melted shortening. Combine with dry ingredients and add about ½ cup crushed and drained pineapple. Bake in greased muffin pans about 20 or 25 minutes in a quick oven or at about 425 degrees.

Raw Potato Pancakes.

WASH and pare potatoes and plunge immediately into cold water to prevent discoloration. Grate quickly. To 2 cups of the grated potato add 1 beaten egg, 2 tablespoons flour, a few grains salt, a few grains pepper and, if desired, a drop or two of onion juice. Add just enough milk to make a stiff batter. Cook in hot fat in a skillet or saucepan, having fat about ¼-inch deep. When well browned and crisp, remove to unglazed paper for a moment and serve immediately.

French Pancakes.

BEAT 3 egg yolks and 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ cup milk. Add ½ cup sifted flour, an additional ½ cup milk, 1 tablespoon melted butter and about two tablespoons cold water. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Bake on a hot greased griddle. Serve immediately with creamed chicken or sweetbreads, or if desired, spread with jelly, roll, dredge with sugar and heat hurry on the sugared surface with a hot wire toaster or broiler.

Apple Pancakes.

CREAM 1 tablespoon butter, add 1 tablespoon sugar and beat well. Add 2 beaten eggs, 1½ cups sifted flour sifted with 2 teaspoons baking-powder, a pinch of salt and a suggestion of nutmeg or cinnamon, and when well blended, add 1 cup finely-chopped apple. Add just enough milk to make a pancake consistency batter. Bake on a hot greased griddle and serve with bacon or as an accompaniment with pork chops or hot or cold roast pork.

Date Roll (By Request).

CHOP 1 pound dates, 1 pound marshmallows and 1 pound nutmeats. Roll 1½ dozen graham crackers fine with rolling-pin. Whip 1 pint cream and add to dates, nuts, marshmallows and graham crackers. Add 1 cup milk. Cross 6 graham crackers and spread on waxed or oiled paper. Spread mixture on the crushed crackers. Roll like a jelly-roll. Let stand in refrigerator over night. Garnish with swirls of whipped cream. Slice and serve.

Currant Nut Muffins.

MIX 2 tablespoons melted butter, 2½ tablespoons sugar, 1 beaten egg, 2 cups flour sifted with 3 teaspoons baking-powder, ½ cup currants, ½ cup broken walnut meats and 1 cup milk. Turn into greased muffin pans and bake in a moderately hot oven, or at about 375-400 degrees, for about 25 minutes.

Corn Muffins.

MIX and sift 2 cups cornmeal, 1 cup flour, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, and 6 teaspoons baking-powder. Beat 2 eggs, add 1 cup milk and stir into the sifted dry ingredients. Add 2 or 3 tablespoons melted butter. Turn into greased muffin pans and bake in a quick oven, or at about 425 degrees, 15 or 20 minutes.

Appetizing

LENTEN DELIGHTS

You can use Norwegian Sardines for so many dainty, appetizing, nourishing dishes. So easy to prepare, so full of flavor, so rich in vitamins. Be sure to get BRISLING, best of all Norwegian Sardines.

FREE new Recipe Book with directions. Norwegian Sardines, 242 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

NORWEGIAN SARDINES

GRAY HAIR?

16 Page Book and Personality Chart Tells How to Properly Color It FREE • FREE • FREE

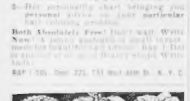
Just mail coupon or postcard for free booklet, offer, sample, etc.

1—Herbigene now coloring the Rap-I-Dol beautifully, gradually, safely, lasting way.

2—Has personality chart bringing you personal advice on your particular problem.

Both Absolutely Free! Don't wait! Write Now! A postcard mailed in small envelope brings free booklet, Rap-I-Dol in trial package or regular shades. Write today.

RAP-I-DOL, Dept. 221, 131 West 42nd St., N. Y. C.



3 PKTS. SEEDS 3c

Beautiful Catalog Free

J. W. JUNG SEED CO., DEPT. 16, RANDOLPH, WIS.

THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field.

NOW! STARCH IN CUBES

AT LAST! A fine gloss starch in handy exact-measure cubes. No guesswork, no waste. Simple count cubes for just the degree of stiffness desired. Ironing is easier, quicker ... no lumps, no sticking. Clothes have a new finish ... smooth, satiny. Get Staley's Gloss Starch Cubes at your grocer's today. A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., Decatur, Ill.

Every day... Libby's baby foods give EXTRA protection..

..LIBBY'S ARE DOUBLE SAFE

1...SAFER because they digest far more easily than the finest strained foods — they're prepared by special homogenization.

2...SAFER because they give baby a more varied diet every day — each Libby tin contains three foods instead of one.

• Baby's very first vegetables! It's a proud day for you . . . and vitally important for baby.

• Vegetables enrich the milk formula with valuable minerals that baby needs for strong bones, pink cheeks — iron, especially, for rich blood.

• And now that Libby has found a way to make vegetables far easier for babies to digest — many doctors are recommending Libby's Baby Foods as early as three months to give baby extra minerals and vitamins for growth and development.

• Libby's special homogenization process "expfloders" the thousands of tough-walled food cells in solid foods. The nourishment imprisoned in food cells is set free — Not even the most careful sieving or straining can do this. That's why Libby's Baby Foods digest far more easily than the finest strained foods. That's why Libby's are more nourishing — they digest more completely.

• See your doctor regularly about your baby's diet . . . and get Libby's *double-safe* Baby Foods from your grocer.

In six combinations

Libby's HOMOGENIZED BABY FOODS

* An exclusive Libby process that completely breaks up tough, hard food cells, and releases all nutriments for easier digestion. It's Pat. No. 1,960,080.

FREE BOOKLET ON BABY FEEDING

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Dept. A-WEEK, Chicago

Please send me, without charge, the new booklet on the care and feeding of little babies, "Safer Feeding for Your Baby."

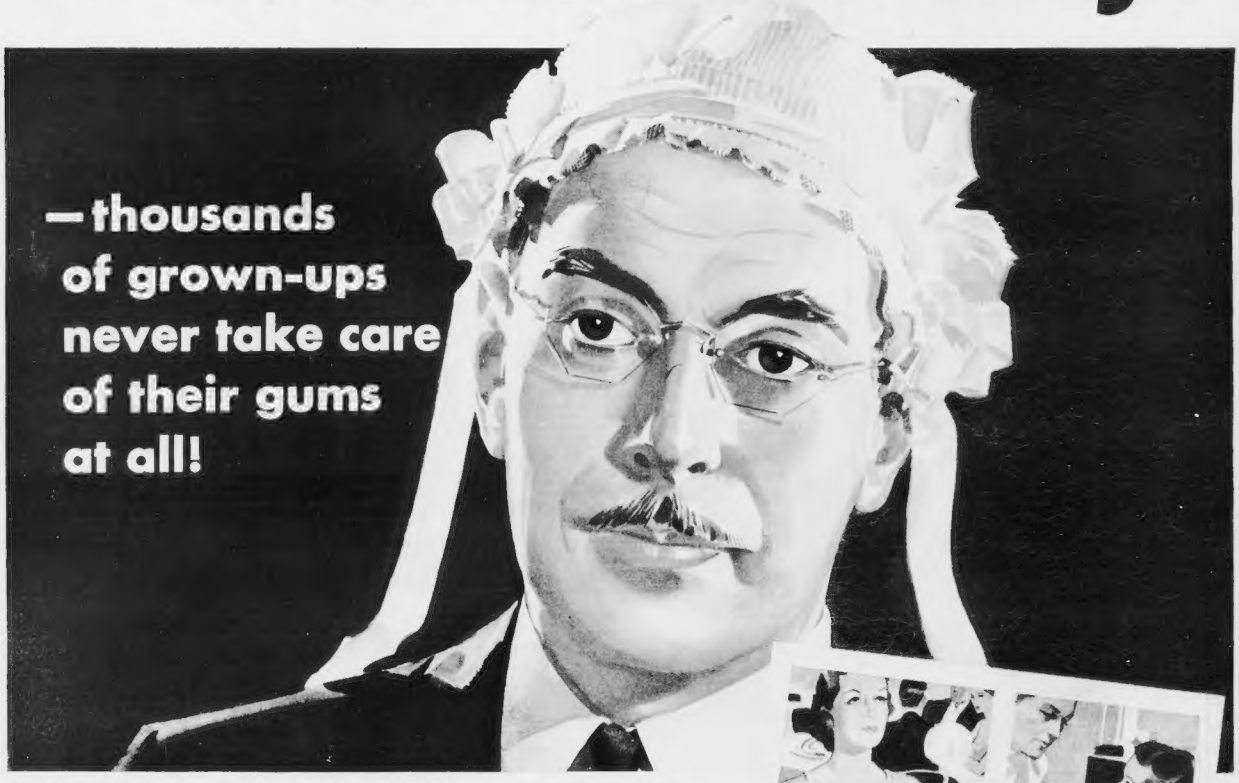
Name

Address

City State Grocer's Name

© 1937 by American Weekly, Inc. Hearst Metrotone News Reserved.

Child-like in his Dental Knowledge



Follow modern dental practice
Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"—
Don't be a "Dental Cripple"—Change to IPANA and MASSAGE today

IT IS A sad fact but true that thousands of intelligent adults are still in the *cradle-age* about the advances made in dental hygiene—innocent of the fact that modern dental authority emphasizes *the care of the gums* as well as the teeth.

The facts are simple—stressed by thousands of modern dentists, taught in modern schools, practiced in modern American homes.

Our gums, because of modern menus, need special and regular care. The soft foods on which we moderns live do not give our gums enough work, enough stimulation, to keep them firm and healthy. Gums grow lazy. They grow flabby and tender. And frequently a tinge of "pink" appears on your tooth brush—a protest and a first warning of unhealthy gums, gums that need immediate attention.

If you ever see that tinge of "pink" on your own tooth brush do the sensible thing—*see your dentist.* You *may* be in for serious trouble. Usually, however, his verdict will be "gums that are the victims of modern soft foods"—"gums robbed of natural exercise and work"—and, as many dentists advise—gums that need the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana plus massage is your dentist's able assistant in the home care of the mouth, because Ipana is designed to help the gums as well as clean the teeth. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Gums grow stronger, more resistant. New circulation brings them a new firmness.

Change to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage today. Before you even see that warning tinge of "pink"—adopt this modern oral health routine as one sensible and practical way to help safeguard the health of your teeth and gums.

CREAMY FOODS are delicious but they're too soft to give our gums needed stimulation. That's one of the reasons why gums grow flabby, tender and often flash that warning tinge of "pink."

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" may not mean serious dental trouble—but *see your dentist!* Usually he will say more exercise and stimulation—and very often Ipana and massage.

IPANA AND MASSAGE is encouraged by many modern dentists. It helps strengthen the gum tissues. Remember, healthy gums are safer from serious disorders.

BRILLIANT SMILES—sparkling, white teeth in firm gums make a lovely impression. Take care of them. Help guard against dinginess and ailing, sensitive gums with Ipana and massage.

IPANA *tooth paste*